THE

LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE

MAGAZINE,

FOR APRIL, 1808.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

The Twentieth Number.

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

IF antiquity of family alone were necessary to prove hereditary worth, the subject of our present memoir, would have as fair a boast as any other Nobleman in England; but we should hope that his Lordship's claim to the estimation of society rests upon more solid foundations.

As the *personal* friend of his sovereign, his loyalty must result as much from affection as from principle; and though some violent patriots may call him the follower of a Court, yet as *somebody* must hold places there, the man who holds them honestly, who is not a time-server, most certainly has a right to expect that a liberal construction will always be put on his motives as well as his actions.

The family of Cecil (at first spelled Sitsylt) is supposed to be originally from Wales; and has been very ancient in the County of Lincoln, possessing large estates there, in the reign of Henry the Seventh, when David Cecil of Stamford, held several honourable and lucrative employments under that monarch, and his son the Eighth Henry.

Richard Cecil, his son, was first, Page of the Crown, and afterwards Groom of the Robes to Henry, with whom he was in such favour as to have several large grants, at the dissolution of the monasteries, as well as a legacy from that Prince to his family; but dying before his benefactor, 34th of Henry the Eighth, he was succeeded by his son William, who was of such singular learning, judgment, and prudence, that he soon acquired the confidence of his sovereign, and being in the political interest of the Duke of Somerset, was appointed *Custos Brevium*.

Attached strongly to the Protestant cause, he was, in the reign of the young Edward, appointed Secretary of State, and was elevated to the rank of Privy Councillor; but in the succeeding reign, having reason to fear the malice of Mary, and her Catholic Nobility, he was obliged to shift for himself in privacy, until the accession of her sister Elizabeth. On her coronation, he was immediately re-appointed one of the Privy Council, and shortly afterwards Master of the Wards, which elevation caused some jealousies amongst the other courtiers; but her Majesty wishing to reward so faithful a servant, and so firm a friend to the Protestant cause, advanced him to the dignity of a Peer of the realm, by the title of Lord Burleigh, and further constituted him, in the fourteenth year of her reign Lord High Treasurer of England.

Such rapid elevation would naturally make many enemies; but her Majesty, who considered him as one of her ablest Ministers, supported him against all opposition: indeed, it is said, that in consideration of his age, she made him always sit down in her presence, with a witticism according to the quaint manners of the times—"my Lord, we employ you, not for your "bad legs, but for your good head."

There is another anecdote preserved in the family, stating, that having honoured him with a visit, whilst ill with the gout, at Burleigh House, in the Strand, the servant who conducted her to his chamber, desired her to stoop, as the door was low; "Yes, replied her Ma-"jesty, I will stoop for your master, though "not for the King of Spain."

We are also told, that on another visit, her Majesty observed that his house was too small, "madam," said he, "tis your Majesty has made "me too large for my house." The prevailing maxim of this good and great man was, "My "inferior shall not fear, my superior shall not "despise me."

He died at an advanced age, leaving two sons; Thomas the elder, created Earl of Exeter, and Robert the younger was raised to the Peerage, in the first of James the First, as Baron Cecil of Essendon, and afterwards in 1605, *Earl of Salisbury.*

It is not our place here to enumerate each separate descent, unto the present Earl, it is sufficient to say, that in the subsequent generations, they became connected by intermarriage, with some of the oldest and most honourable families of the ancient nobility; we shall, however, just mention, that when raised to the dignity of *Viscount* Cranborne, in 1603, this family was the *first* of that rank that bore a coronet.

The present Peer was born Lord Viscount Cranborne by courtesy, on the 1st September, 1748, and being a youth of early promise, was intended by his father to take a leading part in politics; he accordingly attached himself on coming of age, to the *North* party then in power, and though it does not appear that he had then a seat in Parliament, yet we find that at the age of twenty-two, he was appointed Lord Lieutenant, and *Custos Rotulorum* of the County of Herts, in which his family has great landed influence.

In the year 1773, his Lordship received a commission as Colonel of the Hertfordshire Militia, in the room of the Earl of Essex, which commission he still holds; and in the same year he formed a closer alliance with the party in power, by marrying Lady Mary Amelia Hill, second daughter of the then Earl of Hilsborough, on the 2d Dec.

We now find his Lordship in the House of Commons, as Member for Great Bedwin, in Wiltshire, and, of course, ranged on the side of Ministry.

It was at this time that the measures of the administration hastened the rupture with the colonies; a rupture which, sooner or later, must have taken place, but which, undoubtedly, was ripened from remonstrance into rebellion, by the hasty and coercive measures of the party then in power.

It was on the 19th of January, 1774, that the Parliament was called together, when the two famous bills of Lord North were brought forward; the first was a bill of coercion and punishment, for the riots at Boston, prohibiting all shipping or landing of goods at that port, and removing the Custom-house to Salem; the second was for regulating the government of Massachusets province, by which their charter was subverted, the nomination of Judges, and all other officers vested in the crown, and all these officers removable at pleasure. Some opposition was made to this bill, it was however carried by a majority of 239 against 64. Young as Lord Cranborne was at that time, and not an efficient member of the government, it is but fair to say, that *he* was not culpable for these measures, any farther than his vote along with the many who supported them; we merely mention the circumstance as explanatory of the principles of the times. The debates, and other periodical registers afford not any notices of his Lordship, except that in the year 1776, he lost his mother, the Countess of Salisbury; indeed, from the little attention he seems at this time to have paid to politics, we may suppose that he was more engaged with his domestic arrangements, and the amusements of a country gentleman, than the fate of nations, or the fall of parties.

In the year 1780, we find his Lordship taking an active part in the politics of his county. At this period, public meetings had been called in the principal counties, under the influence of the friends of the Rockingham party, and petitions were prepared for the purpose of procuring a system of general economy. In this business, the County of York was the first to stand forward, and in their petition to the House of Commons, they prayed, "That be-"fore any new burthens were laid upon this "country, effectual measures might be taken "by that House to inquire into and correct the

" gross abuses in the expenditure of the pub-
" lic money; to reduce all exorbitant emo-
" luments; to rescind and abolish all sinecure
" places, and unmerited pensions; and to ap-
" propriate the produce to the necessities of
" the State, in such a manner as to the wisdom
" of Parliament should seem meet."

This petition was presented by Sir George Saville to the House on the 8th of February, 1780, and on the 11th of the same month, a similar petition was presented by Mr. Plumer, from the County of Hertford. It is not our place here to enter deep into the county politics, but it is a well known fact, that although called a meeting of the county, there were not more than four hundred people present when it was agreed to.

On the presentation of this petition, Lord Cranborne rose in his place, and informed the House, " That the petition did not declare the " sense of the county at large, as a very great " and respectable number of Noblemen, Gen-" tlemen, Clergy, and Freeholders had signed " a protest against it."

It appeared, however, that some Parliamentary form prevented the receiving this protest, when Mr. Byng arose and lamented, " that " any form should prevent the protest from " being laid before the House, as the intro-" duction of it would be the means of shewing " how it was procured." He then insisted that the Noble Lord had attended for the purpose of opposing the petition, but that he could not muster more than five out of four hundred, to support him.

As it is not for us here to decide the point; we shall proceed to observe that his Lordship was, at this time, Member for Plympton, in Devon; and in the month of September, Lord Onslow having resigned the place of Treasurer of his Majesty's Household, the appointment was given to Lord Cranborne. On the 27th September, 1780, his Lordship was sworn a Member of the Privy Council, and in the same month, by the death of his father, he succeeded to the Earldom of Salisbury.

In the year 1782, the great contest of parties took place between North and Rockingham, and on the change of Ministry, Lord Salisbury, on the 10th April, resigned his Treasurership, when he was succeeded by the Earl of Effingham; and we do not find his Lordship taking an active part in politics until the debate on Fox's India Bill.

It is scarcely necessary to mention here, that the intention of this bill was to suspend the Company's Charter for four years, to invest the government of India, and all the patronage, in the hands of Commissioners, assisted by Directors, who were to enter into possession of all the territories, vessels, goods, merchandize, records, &c. of the Company!!!

After passing the House of Commons, it went to the Lords, passed the second reading, and on the third was lost, on the question of adjournment, by 95 against 76.

On this occasion, the Earl of Salisbury, with a true regard for the constitutional rights of the people, and with loyal affection to his sovereign, opposed the bill, and divided with the majority. We shall take leave of this famous bill, in the words of a well-known historian, " nor was it possible that the Parliamentary " rejection of this bill could have been attend-" ed with such signal effects, had not the po-" pularity of the minister with whom it ori-" ginated, been already completely and for " ever annihilated by the means of the fatal " and *accursed coalition.**"

On the 18th of Dec. 1783, a change of ministry took place, and on the 26th, the Earl of Salisbury was appointed Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household.

After a marriage of thirteen years, his Lordship was agreeably surprised by the birth of a daughter on the 20th March, 1786, and on the 27th of April in the same year, the ceremony of baptism was performed with a degree of *eclat*, unprecedented in this country, their Majesties and the Princess Royal, *in person*, standing as sponsors for the little lady.

The ceremony was performed in the evening at his Lordship's house, in Arlington-street, where every preparation was made to grace the occasion with the utmost splendour.

Their Majesties and the Princess having arrived in their chairs, they were ushered into the baptismal chamber, where, according to etiquette, the Countess sat up in bed to receive them; this bed was of green damask, with flowers in festoons, and lined with orange coloured silk, the counterpane of white satin.

Her Majesty was dressed in dark green, coloured with silver gauze, and ornamented with the greatest profusion of diamonds, perhaps, ever seen at one time, with which, indeed, her head was literally covered, and his Majesty was also superbly dressed.

The company present consisted of all the rank and fashion in town, connected with the noble families of Hill and Cecil, and the ceremony was performed by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Her Majesty received the child from Lady

* Vide Belsham's reign of George III

Essex, and the Archbishop received it from her Majesty, who named it Georgiana Charlotta Augusta; their Majesties stayed till a late hour, during which, according to etiquette, none of the company could sit down, and then returned with the usual formalities.

The present which his Majesty gave as a memorial on this occasion, was a piece of plate of one hundred and twenty ounces, on which were engraved the names of the infant, sponsors, &c.; and the whole of the entertainment and ceremonials made much noise, at that time, in the fashionable world.

On the meeting of Parliament, in January 1787, the first grand measure which presented itself for their consideration, was the commercial treaty with France. On the 12th of February, the House of Commons resolved itself into a Committee, on this important subject, which had been much opposed, but Mr. Pitt proceeded to a full and eloquent defence of the measure, though it must be confessed, that those not blinded by party, were sufficiently sensible of its merits. On the 23d of February, a message was brought up to the House of Lords, stating that "the Commons requested "a conference with the House upon matters "highly interesting to the manufactures and "commerce of the kingdom, and requesting a "concurrence with the Commons in an address "to the Throne."

As this measure was peculiarly pleasing to his Majesty in common with the rest of the nation, several of the more particular friends of the Court, were selected as a Committee of Conference, and among the rest, we find the name of the Earl of Salisbury.

No particular political occurrences demanded his Lordship's attention until the year 1788, when the lamented illness of a great Personage, brought on an investigation in the House of Peers, on the 9th of December, which ended in a Vote of the House, "That a Select Committee be appointed to examine the physicians "who have attended during the illness, touching the state of the health, &c. &c." Of this Committee, with a most delicate regard to circumstances, the Earl of Salisbury was appointed a member, and their investigation was soon followed by that perfect recovery, which gave joy and gladness to a loyal and affectionate nation.

In the meantime, the question of a Regency occupied both Houses; and on the 26th of December, 1788, the well remembered motion, for a sole Regent, was introduced by Lord Rawdon. This gave rise to a most important debate on two points. The constitutional point supported by the King's friends, as they were technically called, and the Ministry, was, "That the Heir Apparent had no more right "to the exercise of the executive power, than "any other person;" and the point of prerogative advanced by Mr. Fox and his party, "That the Heir Apparent, if of full age and "capacity, in this case, had the same indisputable claim as in the case of demise." The issue had been joined in the Lower House, and decided in favour of the first position by a majority of 251 to 178, and in the Upper House, was finally settled by a majority of 99 to 66; among the former number of whom, we are happy again to notice his Lordship, taking an active and constitutional part.

On the 11th March, 1789, an address was presented by the Lords to his Majesty on his recovery; and on the 12th, the Earl of Salisbury came down to the House, and presented the following answer to the Address.

"My Lords,

"This very dutiful and affectionate Address "calls forth my warmest thanks. The sentiments expressed in it have so universally prevailed among my loving subjects, that they "must, if possible, encrease my solicitude for "the prosperity and happiness of this my "native Country."

On the 13th of July, in the same year, his Lordship was gratified by the birth of another daughter, Emily; and in the following year, was elevated to the dignity of a Marquis, his patent being read in the House of Lords on the 21st January, 1790.

On the 17th April, 1791, his son and heir apparent, was born, James Mordaunt William, Viscount Cranborne, and we have no further notice to make of his Lordship, until the year 1804, when on the change of Ministry, he resigned his situation of Lord Chamberlain, and was succeeded by the Earl of Dartmouth.

The influence and patronage of this Office, is at all times important, and is as much dependant on the party in power, as on the immediate arrangements of the Court. He takes charge of all the Offices of the Household except those of the King's Bed-chamber, and has under his charge, all tents, revels, music, comedians, huntsmen, messengers, handicrafts, artisans, heralds, physicians, apothecaries, and even chaplains, &c. &c. &c.

His Lordship is now retired in some measure from public life, but he still exerts himself in the cause of public liberality and beneficence, as well as private charity.

He is Lord Lieutenant and *Custos Rotulorum* of the County of Herts, Colonel of the Hertford militia, High Steward of Hertford, K. G. L. L. D. and F. R. S. Vice President of the Provident Life Assurance, of the Philanthropic Society, and of St. George's Hospital, and Trustee of the County Fire Office. His country residences are Hatfield House, and Cecil Lodge, Herts; and his town residence at No. 20, Arlington-street, St. James's.

The family arms are barry of ten, argent and azure, over all six escutcheons sable, each charged with a lion rampant of the first, with a crescent for difference as the second branch of the Cecils.

Crest on a wreath, six arrows proper, crossed and united by a band of the colours, over all an ancient cap.

Supporters, two lions rampant, ermine.

Creation.—Baron Cecil, of Essendon, 13th May, 1603. Viscount Cranborne, August 20th, 1604, Earl of Salisbury, 4th May, 1605, and Marquis of Salisbury, August 10th, 1789.

HISTORY.

PORTUGUESE SETTLEMENTS IN INDIA, AFRICA, AND THE OCEAN.

CIVILIZATION, in its progress from its first simple state, up to its most refined periods, has been indebted, both *usefully* and *ornamentally*, to the arts and sciences; and to these, in return, it has rendered reciprocal assistance: but when men are confined to one insulated spot, where the means and the mode of gratifying their wants, are as limited as these wants, improvement is at a stop; or at least proceeds by very slow degrees, towards perfection.—There needs no abstract reasoning to prove this; the history of ancient times, and our modern voyages among the rude inhabitants of the southern hemisphere, speak more convincingly than an host of syllogisms. To what then are we to look for sources of improvement and amelioration of human life? To what are we indebted for our present improved state of society? To what, indeed, unless to *commerce* and *navigation*?

By these, Tyre and Carthage, cities without territory, cities built even amidst the burning sands of Syria and Mauritania, even these cities arose to opulence and power, fertilized the most barren spots, and were in some measure the arbiters of the world, until eclipsed by the rising glories of Rome; and Rome herself was unable to cope with the latter power, until by the most gigantic and patriotic effects, she was enabled to raise a navy capable of attacking that of Carthage. In more recent periods, what was it enabled Amsterdam and Venice to rise from their beds of ouse and seaweed, to build their palaces even amidst the waves of old Ocean, and to become not only the *emporia*, but the granaries of Europe? What is it has raised Britain herself, to her present pitch of power and opulence, but *commerce* and *navigation*?

We have already seen, how Portugal, in the fifteenth century, under the auspices of an enlightened Prince, prosecuted her discoveries to the most distant regions of the globe; we have seen her pilots extending their researches beyond Cape Non, on the African coast, then proceeding to Cape Bojador, long considered as the *ne plus ultra* of European navigation. We have already in our history traced her progress beyond that Cape, until she discovered Madeira, Porto Santo, the Cape de Verd Islands, and even the Azores, in the midst of an unknown ocean. From that, we have accompanied her across the line, to Congo and Loango, have seen her pass the Cabo Tormentoso, at length more happily named the Cape of Good Hope; until by her discovery of a passage to India, she opened a new field for European enterprize. We have followed Da Gama, in his voyages to the coast of Malabar, and seen Albuquerque, like another Alexander, the conqueror of India, when, in order to secure her conquests, Portugal gave him the command.

Albuquerque was a man of great natural sagacity, and acquired knowledge, and had, even in early life, been distinguished for political as well as military talents. No sooner had he taken the command, and made himself acquainted with the politics of the surrounding Rajahs, than he began to form projects of do-

minion for his sovereign; and of these, he knew long enough to execute the greatest part, though to a mind less ardent, they would have appeared impracticable. At that period, a number of colonies of Arabians, and of Moors, had been settled on the western side of India, and he was sensible that these were his only formidable opponents, as the majority of the *Indian* inhabitants, were of habits directly contrary to war. A league, offensive and defensive, had been entered into, between these new comers, the Zamorin of Calicut, the Egyptian Princes, and the Venetians, who, through the medium of Egypt and Arabia, were the carriers of Europe, and whose commerce was threatened with annihilation by the discoveries and conquests of Portugal. In order, therefore, to overturn this combination, he did all in his power to destroy the factories on the coast of Arabia, and the Red Sea, and formed plans of conquest against Aden and Ormus, in the Persian gulph. In order, however, to establish himself more securely, on the Malabar coast, previous to the execution of his plan, he totally destroyed Calicut; and feeling the want of a good harbour, where his ships might at all times have a safe retreat, he determined to make himself master of Goa. This city stands on the river Mandova, about seven miles from the sea, and rises to view like a grand amphitheatre; this river has sufficient depth of water for large ships, and has a large bay at the entrance, called the Bay of Alguarda, in which there is good anchorage.

This city and the territory around it, in the year 1510, belonged properly to the Prince of Decan; but, as it always has been in that country, was then in the possession of a Moorish chief named Idalcan, who had been entrusted with the command. Albuquerque took advantage of the usurper's absence, to attack the city and carry it by storm; but it afterwards was recovered by Idalcan. However, the Portuguese Commander made a second attempt, retook it, and the city of Goa, since that period, has been the capital of the Portuguese Empire in the East. His next object was an attack on Malacca, in which he succeeded; then Ormus fell into his hands, and he was now completely master of the commerce of India. Notwithstanding all his services to his country, he fell into disgrace, and soon died of a broken heart; and his successors added little to their power in the East, except by forming the settlement of Macao, in China, and those of Melinda, Mombaze, and Mosambigue, on the eastern coast of Africa, chiefly for the trade in slaves. About this period Magellan had opened a new route for the Spaniards, to the wealth of the eastern world; and notwithstanding the immense numbers flocking to America, many were found anxious to try their fortune by commerce in the East; besides by the partition line, already mentioned, formed by his infallible Holiness Pope Alexander the Sixth, it was contended that the Spice Islands must *de facto* belong to Spain.—The Portuguese, alarmed at the neighbourhood of their ancient rivals, were resolved to get rid of them by negociation, since they dared not attempt force; and therefore not only threw every obstacle in the way of the Spanish trade, but also endeavoured, by negociations at home, to preserve the East to themselves. Charles the Fifth was at that time on the throne of Spain, and being very needy, from his constant wars, notwithstanding his possessing the mines of Potosi and Peru, he was very glad to receive a sum of money for his claim, and made over to the Court of Lisbon all his right to the new discovered islands. This claim was, however, soon resumed by Philip the Second, the city of Manilla was built, and the Philippine islands became a colony of Spain.

From this period the affairs of Portugal began rapidly to decline; and she has now but little left in India. It is needless to enter into minute descriptions of her possessions there, as they so much resemble our own, and will soon again be in our possession. During the last war, we had a garrison in Goa, which must once more speedily yield to our arms, and will be useful to us not only as a good harbour for our shipping, but also will facilitate the inland communication between our territories in the Mysore country, and those more to the northward, thus opening to us a large tract fertile in cardamoms, pepper, sandal wood, &c. With respect to Macao, it is most likely that the Chinese Government will resume their sovereignty, yet still allow it to be a retiring place for the different European factories as usual.—It will be good policy for us to acquiesce in this arrangement, as otherwise we should have continual squabbles with the Chinese, who are anxious to seize every opportunity of laying on taxes and additional restrictions on trade. Her settlements of Benguela and Congo, on the western side of Africa, and of Melinda, Mosambique, &c. on the coast of Zanguebar, may still be essential to the Portuguese Court, in procuring slaves for Brazil; whilst to us they are of little value; indeed during the present opinions in this country, on the slave trade,

be would be a bold Minister who would venture to send garrisons there for their defence.—From their neighbourhood to the Mauritius, they are easily annoyed from thence, and it is very likely that the islanders, in hopes of acquiring plunder and military glory, may attempt some predatory expedition against them, on first hearing of the fate of Portugal. We shall now proceed to the colonies of Portugal on *this* side of Africa, and begin with Madeira.

The Island of Madeira, so lately come into our possession, has a most enchanting appearance from the sea; it consists of an immense mountain, or rather range of mountains, which are covered with vines, two-thirds of their height, and to the very summits with lofty trees of evergreen verdure. Its appearance is also much beautified by the verdure of the vineyards, which are in full perfection, when every kind of herbage is burnt up by an almost tropical sun, except under their immediate shade, or on the rocky banks of the numerous rills that fall at different places into the ocean.

It is generally supposed that this island (which at its first discovery was entirely covered with wood) was in distant ages thrown up by the explosion of some submarine volcano, as every part of the island, even to the summit of the mountain, presents the same burnt appearance, every stone has undergone the action of fire, and the sand and gravel consist of little more than ashes. The island may be seen at a istance of fourteen or fifteen leagues, being very lofty, and in general with a dark cloud hanging over it; the highest mountain is called *Pico Ruivo*, and by an accurate measurement, is upwards of 5000 feet, or nearly an English mile, in perpendicular height, which is considerably higher than any of our mountains either in England or Wales. As far as cultivation can conveniently be carried, these hills are covered with vines; and then to the summits are immense forests of timber, planted by the liberal hand of Nature, and of different kinds unknown in Europe. Of these there are two beautiful species, which the Portuguese call Paobranco and Mirmulano, whose foliage is of the most exquisite colour, and romantic shapes, and which if introduced here, from their lofty situation, might be expected to thrive, and would be a new source of ornament to our parks and shrubberies.

It had been supposed that Madeira produced the mahogany, as some woods had been imported here for the use of our cabinet makers, called Madeira mahogany; but it is now ascertained that this wood is not the mahogany, but a species called vigniatico, by the Portuguese, and which is the laurus indicus of Linneus; the resemblance however, when cut up, is so great, that it may be a good substitute for the mahogany of Honduras, should that fail us. The other produce of the island consists of walnuts, chesnuts, and great plenty of apples; together with most of the tropical shrubs and plants, such as the banana, plantains, guavas, pine-apples, &c. &c.; and also a very fine species of corn, which might be cultivated in sufficient quantity for the inhabitants, but at present they are dependent on the Azores and Africa for a supply.

Their mutton, beef, and pork, are as good as can be expected in a Southern climate, and there is some fish to be had off the coast, but not in any great plenty; our possession of this island will therefore open to us a new market for our Newfoundland Fishery.

The only article of export at present in the island is wine, in the cultivation, and preparation of which there is much room for British industry and British capital. At present it is made in a very simple manner, though not peculiar to themselves, as it is practised in Corsica and the more sequestered parts of Tuscany, Spain, &c.

The grapes are laid in heaps on a strong flat table, over which is put a strong flat board, fixed at one end and acting as a lever, being pressed down by large stones attached to the other end of it. After this the fruit and stalks are put into a large hole in the ground, lined with a tenacious clay, into which the vintagers jump, (in some places with their wooden shoes on), and, with the addition of some water, press, or rather stamp out, the remaining juice, which at first resembles a puddle, but is in a short time cleared, by precipitation, of all its impurities. In most of the vineyards the vines are trained up stone pillars, about five feet high, and the leaves being spread along a kind of treillage on the top, the fruit hangs down, shaded from the sun, and thus is slow in ripening, by which its juices become concentrated, and its flavour and body much improved.

The principal town of Fonchial takes its name from the great quantities of foncho, or fennel, growing in its neighbourhood, and stands on the South Side of the island, in lat. 32. 33. N. and long. 16. 49. West. It extends nearly half a mile from East to West, defended by the fort, on the Loo Rock, and by a battery in front of the Vice-regal Palace; it is, however, but a dismal looking place, the houses of the principal inhabitants are of stone, with stone staircases, with lattices to the windows, but

the lower class of inhabitants are poor indeed. The streets are narrow and badly paved; and the churches are quite loaded with gaudy ornaments, religious paintings in a wretched style, and images of saints, dressed in laced cloaks and powdered wigs. The tides flow here at the full and change N. and S. and rise about seven feet at the springs, and about four feet at neap tides; and shipping may be supplied with water, wine, onions, and plenty of fruit, &c. &c.

The population of the island is about 80,000, and it has been said that the Custom-house dues produce about 25,000*l.* per annum, which, however, unless their commerce improves, will not be sufficient for the expences attendant on our occupying it with a garrison. Whilst Madeira was in the hands of the Portuguese, the balance of its annual trade with Lisbon was much against it, which always prevented them from having any Portuguese currency in the island; their coins are, therefore, Spanish dollars, pistereens, &c. We have, for many years, had a factory established here, but from the absurd regulations of Portugal they had but little success in improving the island; much improvement may, however, now be expected.

Porto Santo in general resembles Madeira, from which it may be seen to the Northward, it is however of but little value.

Our attention is next called to the Azores, or Western Islands, lying in the midst of the great Atlantic; these islands had been discovered early in the fifteenth century, some years previous to the discovery of the great Western Continent, by a Fleming of the name of Vanderberg, on his route from Ostend to Lisbon. Being driven for some days by a strong Easterly gale, he was agreeably surprized by the sight of land, which, however, was uninhabited, and in honour of his country called them the Flemish islands; but having mentioned his discovery on his arrival at Lisbon, the Portuguese Court immediately sent a squadron to take possession of them, giving them the name of Azores, from the immense number of hawks found there. They were soon settled by adventurers from the Mother Country, and the vine having been introduced and found to succeed, they are now well inhabited. They are nine in number, extending over a tract, about 180 miles from North to South, and nearly 300 from East to West; the principal ones are Tercera, whose capital is in 38.-45. N. and 27°. West. St. Michael's, famous for its oranges, and Fayal for its wine, though all the islands produce it, this island giving the general name, as being the principal shipping place. From the situation of these islands, in a warm climate, refreshed by the sea breezes, they are remarkably healthy and extremely fertile, raising great quantities of corn, by which their possession is of great importance to us, as in the present state of affairs we should otherwise be obliged to supply Madeira with provisions from home. They also produce all the tropical fruits, and raise large quantities of cattle, poultry, &c. whilst their rocky shores and sandy beaches afford a good supply of fish.

The island of St. Michael's is nearly one hundred miles in circuit, and has upwards of 60,000 inhabitants, but Tercera, having a good harbour, is in general reckoned the principal one, its capital Angra, being the seat of government. This is a charming city, seated on the rise of a hill, and being ornamented by the spires of a Cathedral and five churches, has a very handsome appearance from the bay. These islands have formerly been exposed to earthquakes, and there is now a small island among them, which rose from the sea during the last century; they have not of late, however, suffered from this cause; and upon the whole must be a valuable acquisition to this country, not only as extending our export trade, but being also a good place of refreshment for our cruizers, &c.

Farther to the Southward Portugal possesses the Cape de Verd islands, on the Western coast of Africa, in the lat. of 18°. North, which they discovered in their early attempts, for the extension of navigation. These islands are very numerous, but some of them are small and uninhabited; the others are of very little value for cultivation, being extremely hot and burnt up by a tropical sun.

Their population is a mixed race, descended from the Aboriginal inhabitants, the Portuguese settlers, and the Negroes imported from the African coast, and late voyagers give but an indifferent account of their manners and their morals.

St. Iago is the seat of the government, and is one hundred and fifty miles in circuit; this is the best cultivated and most populous of the groupe, yet is still, at all times, but indifferently supplied with necessaries, as great part of it consists of mountainous and rocky tracts, which immediately after the rains, are covered with a profusion of flowers of the finest scent, and most variegated hues, but at other times present nothing to the view but an arid soil, without verdure or capability of cultivation. This island, however, produces good cotton,

and a light wine, which might be improved; it also yields all the tropical fruits, such as oranges, cocoa nuts, together with yams, maize, and some tobacco. The madder also grows wild here, and might be raised in large quantities with little trouble, but the indolence of the natives is a bar to all improvement. They also raise large numbers of swine and poultry, with which they supply our outward-bound ships at an easy rate, taking old clothes, bottles, &c. in preference to money.

As our import of salt from St. Ubes, and other ports in Portugal is now completely stopped, the possession of these islands will be of considerable advantage, as immense quantities of salt may be made in the island of Mayo, by the evaporation of salt water, from the heat of the sun. There is now annually a good deal made for exportation, by the native's raking the salt ponds at the proper season, and some years they supply cargoes for two hundred sail of shipping. What is made, at present, only costs the price of labour, and with a little enterprize and industry might be considerably encreased both in quantity and quality. This island also supplies asses and mules, which are useful for our West Indian Colonies, and equal in goodness to those of Mogador; and of late years the Portuguese have sent supplies of live cattle to our islands, principally from St. Lucia and Bonavista.

There are some other small islands in the Bight of Benin, viz. St. Thomas's, Prince's Island, &c. but these are merely useful in supplying our Guinea ships with water, wood, and some provisions.

Upon the whole, the possession of the Portuguese Colonies must be beneficial to Great Britain, not only in preventing the enemy from deriving any advantages from them, but also in opening further markets for our manufactures; and, in some cases, even of the necessaries of life, making up for our losses in other quarters. It may be said, that we have no right to take possession of the Colonies of an Ally; but the answer to this is a short one:—In the first place, if we do not, France may; and every man of observation, who has seen the world, must know, that British dominion is always preferable to French fraternization. If a proof of this is wanting, the conduct of France to St. Eustatia, in the late war, is alone sufficient. In the last place, these colonies are now not wanted by the Portuguese Court, settled as they are in Brazil; with the exception, indeed, of their settlements in Congo and Loango, in Africa, which are fully sufficient to supply them with Negroes, for their American cultivation; besides, as it is not in their power to defend these distant colonies, it is right that we should; and 'tis but fair that we should (at least *pro tempore*) reap such advantages as may repay us for our expence of lives and treasure.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ON EPIC POETRY AMONG THE ROMANS.

IN speaking of Epic Composition among the Romans, Virgil is as justly the first object of attention, as Homer is in discussing the same branch of poetry among the Greeks. The works of Virgil are within the reach of a great many more readers than those of Homer, because the knowledge of Latin is much more usual than that of Greek. Virgil, in the original, was early in the hands of everybody that studied; and the world are now pretty generally agreed about his merits and his faults. It will not, therefore, be necessary to speak so fully of Virgil as we have done of Homer: and, as his Georgics and Eclogues have no relation to the department of poetry with which we are now concerned, it will be with respect to the Æneid alone, that we shall here consider the merits of Virgil.

The imperfection of the Æneid, compared with the perfection of the Georgics, is a proof of the prodigious distance, that lies between the best possible didactic poem and the magnificent creation of Epic poetry. And in the Epic poetry of Virgil the most striking consideration that occurs, is that of the almost unlimited devotion, which he appears to have entertained for Homer. Even if we had not been informed that the adoration which the Latin poet expressed for his model, annexed in Rome, the name of Homerius to that of Virgil, a perusal of the Æneid would be conviction enough. He follows his predecessor step by step; now to

transplant into one language the native beauties of another, has always been regarded as one of the greatest triumphs of genius; and in order to judge of the facility with which such a triumph may be obtained, we have only to recollect what Virgil himself used to say, "that a "man could as easily have taken Hercules's club "away from him, as appropriate a line from "Homer." Nevertheless, Virgil has appropriated a considerable quantity; and, in his translations, if he does not always equal, he sometimes surpasses his original.

Nobody will ever blame Virgil for having imitated Homer as he has done it; but Latin critics have, with more reason, reproached him with having pirated from his own countrymen: indeed, it is impossible to doubt this fact when we see the numerous notices of verses, which he is proved to have borrowed, not only from Ennius, Pacuvius, Accius, and Suevius, but even from the most illustrious of his own contemporaries, such as Varius, Catullus, and Lucretius. The writings of Varius have not descended to us; but he is known in these days by the panegyric of Horace, who places him in the highest rank among Epic poets.

——Forte epos acer
Ut nemo, Varius ducit.

Virgil then could not say as Moliere did, when he adopted a good thing from a bad writer:

Je reprends mon bien ou je le trouve.
I take my own wherever I find it.

Most of these plagiarisms of Virgil are in hemistichs or short passages of a remarkable beauty: such are even those passages which he takes from the old poets, who flourished during the Punic wars, and particularly the parts taken from Ennius; and Virgil himself used sometimes to boast, that he had the art of drawing gold from Ennius's dunghill—dunghill be it called: it is easy to conceive, by the fragments which remain, that the style of Ennius was heavy, and his language unpolished; but the great number of well conceived and truly poetical expressions which he has furnished to Virgil, prove that this Ennius had real talent, and justify the veneration which was entertained for him by the great Scipio, who was a man of too enlightened a mind to have been capable of valuing Ennius merely as the bard of his exploits.

Nor does Virgil deny that he has followed Theocritus in his Eclogues, and Hesiod in his Georgics: he himself pays this homage to his models, in those very works in which he has left them so far behind him. But, perhaps, it is not generally known, that the second book of the Æneid, which is so universally admired, was copied, as Maccobius informs us, almost word for word, from a Greek poet named Pisander, who had written in verse a collection of Mythological stories. Maccobius speaks of this as a fact known to all the world, and mentions Pisander as a poet of the highest order among the Greeks. Such a poet, indeed, he must have been, if he be the original inventor of this capture of Troy, which we can scarcely doubt, after the affirmation of Macrobius. And, in this case, the loss of Pisander's works ought to be reckoned among those numerous desiderata, which now excite our unavailing regrets.

Everybody agrees that the march of the first half of the Æneid is as near as possible to perfection, except that after the grand effect produced in the fourth book, by the passion of Dido, the fifth, which contains a description of the games, however beautiful in itself that description may be, is so arranged as to chill the reader; though it must be confessed that he is amply indemnified for any deficiency in the fifth book, by the striking beauty of the sixth, which relates the descent of Æneas into Hell. But the last six books have been almost universally condemned: in them the reader expects the greatest effects, upon the principle, that in a poem everything ought to go on increasing, as is actually the case in the Iliad: and it is in them that Virgil unfortunately becomes inferior to himself and to his model. The foundation of a state, which is to be the cradle of Rome—a young princess, whose hand a stranger announced by the oracles, is come to dispute with the prince betrothed to her—the different nations of Italy divided between the two rivals—all seemed to promise action, motion, situation, and interest. Instead of all we have a right to expect on such a subject, what do we find? A King Latinus, who is not master in his own palace, and does not even venture to have a will of his own; who, after having given a favourable reception to the Trojans, allows Amata, the queen, with Turnus the Rutulian prince, to make war upon the strangers; and who at last shuts himself up, in order to keep out of harm's way altogether. A princess Lavinia, who does nothing, and is a personage little better than a non-entity, although it be for her that everybody is fighting—a queen Amata, who, after the defeat of the Latins, hangs herself to a beam of the palace—

and a prince Turnus, who is killed by Æneas, without exciting any interest for his own death, or imparting any to the victory of his destroyer. Such are the materials of the six last books of the Æneid as it now stands, and it remains for us to speak of the characters and of some less important matters.

The character of the hero himself is certainly weak and defective:—Here we may see how widely those critics have erred, who have reproached Homer for the moral imperfections of his heroes; and how much better Aristotle was acquainted with his subject, when he pointed out these very characters, which are faulty in morality, as the best in poetry. Certainly, excepting only the little irregularity committed with Dido, in the cave, there is not a fault to be found with the pious Æneas: he is from one end of the poem to the other a remarkably well-conducted person; but being altogether without feeling, he never grows warm, and the coldness of his character strikes itself over all the poem. He is almost always crying or praying. He very quietly lets himself be loved by Dido, and just as quietly leaves her when the Gods forbid him. All this is very religious, but not at all dramatic; and Aristotle has shown us, that the same passions ought to animate the Epic and the Tragic Muses, for he proves that the rules which are applicable to the one, are almost universally applicable to the other. Let us then conclude that the great principle of Aristotle has been fully confirmed by experience, since the two heroes of Epic poetry who have been thought the most admirably conceived, among the Ancients, and with the Moderns, are two characters of strong and tragic passions—the Achilles of the Iliad, and the Rinaldo of the Jerusalem. The latter chief, indeed, is evidently founded on the model of the former: he has the same impetuosity and the same brilliancy. These are the men we require in poetry; accordingly, they have succeeded with all readers, while the character of Æneas, whether studied in the original of Virgil, or transplanted, as in France it has been, to the region of the stage, has always been as unsuccessful and ineffective.

Virgil, in his battles, has done little else than to abridge and compress those of Homer, whom he almost translates throughout. There is in the Æneid less diffusion than in the Iliad, but there is also less fire. Besides, the Æneid has one marked disadvantage which belongs to the nature of the subject. The Trojan war was so great an event in the history of the world, of which it still constitutes one of the principal epochs, that all those who had distinguished themselves there continued to occupy a place in the memory of men. Their names had been consecrated by fame, were echoed by all the world, and were thus become, in a great degree, familiar to the imagination. Nothing is so favourable to a poet as these names which carry their interest along with them, and a part of that interest spreads itself over the first six books of the Æneid, in which Virgil treated the names and events which the Trojan war, and the verses of Homer, had already immortalised. But, in the seventh book, Virgil takes us quite into a new world; he shews people absolutely unknown, and with whom, according to Virgil's plan, it is quite impossible for a reader to make acquaintance. Then we perceive how very differently we feel, in having before us Ajax, Ulysses, Diomedes, or Hector, and in having before us Tarchon and Mezentius, Ufens and Messapus. We know that Virgil's object was to flatter, at once, the Romans, and their Emperor Augustus: the Romans, by the fable of their origin, and the Emperor by his descent, and the coincidence which is intended to be established between him and Æneas, as being both founders and legislators. But it is not less true, that Homer, in recording the siege of Troy, had chosen for his subject the most celebrated event that had then occurred in the world; while Virgil, in that zeal for celebrating the origin of Rome, which he confesses in his first lines, was obliged to dig very deeply into the antiquities of Italy, which were almost as obscure as those of Greece were famous. It is easy to perceive how greatly Virgil must, of necessity, suffer. The heroes of Homer are the heroes of every nation; we are accustomed to see them in intercourse with the Gods, and they are mortals who do not seem to be beneath such a commerce. The battles of the Iliad offer us a most magnificent spectacle: we think that we see all Europe and all Asia at once engaged. But the contests of the Æneid, with all their Gods, and with all their heroes, appear in comparison no better than the skirmishes of a few barbarians. Virgil has tried to throw some interest on young Pallas, the son of Evander: on Lausus, the son of Mezentius, and on Camilla, the Queen of the Volscians; but such transitory and episodical interest, shining only on personages who are seen but for an instant, can never supply the want of that general interest, which ought to give movement and animation to the whole machine of an Epic poem.

For invention then, for strength of character, and for general conduct, Virgil has fallen far short of Homer; but even in spite of all these deficiencies, the merit that must still remain to Virgil will suffice to justify the title of Prince of the Roman poets which he received from his own age, and the admiration that he has obtained from all subsequent times. The second, the fourth, and the sixth books, are three magnificent works, and universally regarded as the most splendid efforts that Epic Poetry has produced in any nation. The story of Dido most particularly belongs in an exclusive manner to Virgil; there was no model of such an incident as is their described, and it is, in its kind, a single gem amid all antiquity. These three admirable books, with the Episode of Nisces and Euryalus, that of the funeral obsequies of Pallas, and the description of the Buckler of Æneas, are perfect instances of the art of painting, and interesting by poetry: and what, above all, is the great characteristic of Virgil's excellence, is the sustained perfection of style, which seems with him to have reached the highest pitch that human powers can attain. He is at once the delight and the despair of all who love and cultivate poetry.

A correct understanding, and a nice discernment, were, perhaps, more fully allotted by nature to Virgil than to Homer. That Homer had an admirable taste appears from his rejection of unnatural thoughts, and from the perpetual splendour of his versification. But, perhaps, he did not care to employ all the judgment with which he was gifted by nature. As nearly as we can conclude from the very uncertain accounts which have been collected of his life, he appears to have written usually for the accomplishment of some immediate purpose; he was generally necessitous; and, of course, when he pleased his hearers, he satisfied himself. He does not appear to have studied for the purposes of poetical illustrations: having seen a great deal of the world, he had a great deal of recollected imagery at command; but we do not believe that any critic will easily discover in Homer the traces of deep science or mature study. Some persons have talked largely of his anatomical and geographical knowledge; but his geography appears to have been the remembrance of his own peregrinations, and his anatomy, seems to have been no more profound than is the surgical science of every horde of savages, who possessing no regular practitioner, are naturally induced to inform themselves of a few common cases. Homer sends a spear through a man's heart, and is praised by his commentators for the skill which he displays in superinducing the death of the wounded chief: but a poet needs not be an Æsculapius, to tell us, that

"When the brains are out, the man will die."

All this does not detract from the merit of Homer: it is, on the contrary, most honourable to him, that under all the discouragements of a needy and unsettled life, without the time or the resources for a regular study, he did, by the force of a powerful genius, a retentive memory, and a good understanding, produce a poem, which, carelessly as it was organized, has become the standard of organization, and fixed the poetical taste of millions, who have enjoyed all the advantages of education and of study.

But in the mind of Virgil there appears to have been a much greater art. On his death he requested that his poem might be burnt, because he thought it unworthy of himself; and by all accounts he appears to have been a modest and unassuming man, not likely to have estimated his own powers more highly than those powers really deserved to be estimated. What must we think then of that genius, of which the Ænied was deemed unworthy?—What must the Æneid itself have been, if its author had lived to complete and beautify it? The exquisite perfection of particular parts, is a perfection so equal and sustained, that no chance could have produced it; and if the same labour that was bestowed upon these, had been bestowed (as in all probability, had he lived, it would have been bestowed) on the latter part of the poem, the fame of Virgil, which now must ever rank beneath that of Homer, would probably have risen to an equal height.—Virgil appears naturally to have wanted Homer's invention, and mighty vigour; but in every other point, although he has not always equalled the Greek, he has shewn himself capable of generally excelling him. If the characters of Æneas, and his followers, be inferior in vigour to those of Achilles, and other heroes of the Iliad, how infinitely does the character of Dido rise above any of the softer parts of the Iliad! How much more connected is the general style, and how much more equal beauty is found in the diction of the Roman bard! Virgil appears not to have contented himself with contenting others, and therefore always strove to excel; he seems rather to have dared the judgment than to have courted the indulgence of his readers. He has compared him-

self, in the revision of his works, to a bear that licks her cubs into shape. The parallel which Dr. Johnson has drawn between Dryden and Pope, is, with very few alterations, peculiarly applicable to Homer and Virgil. The names may be changed, and the ideas will stand thus:

The style of Homer is capricious and varied —that of Virgil is cautious and uniform. Homer observes the motions of his own mind.—Virgil constrains his mind to his own rules of composition.—Homer is often vehement and rapid.—Virgil is almost always smooth, uniform and gentle.—Homer's page is a natural field, rising into inequalies, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation. —Virgil's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.

Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet; that quality, without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates; the superiority must be allowed to Homer; but it is not to be inferred, that of this poetical vigour Virgil had only a little, because Homer had more. Homer's performances were generally hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity: he seems to have composed without consideration, and to have published without correction. What his mind could supply at all, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all he gave. The dilatory caution of Virgil enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Homer, therefore, are higher, Virgil continues longer on the wing: if of Homer's fire the blaze is brighter, of Virgil's the heat is more regular and constant. Homer often surpasses expectation, and Virgil seldom falls below it. Homer is read with frequent astonishment, and Virgil with perpetual delight.

Virgil was born at Mantua, about 70 years before Christ. The early part of his life was passed at Cremona; and the distribution of the lands in that district had very nearly proved fatal to the poet; for when he disputed the possession of his fields with a lawless soldier, the veteran so severely handled him, that he was obliged to save his life by swimming across a river. He now repaired to Rome, where he was noticed by Mæcenas, and recommended to Augustus, who restored his lands to him. Of the ten bruolics, which were written in about three years, the first was composed to thank Augustus, and shew to the world the poet's gratitude. The Georgies were next produced; and the Æneid was begun, as some suppose, at the peculiar request of Augustus, who wished to have it proved that the Julian family, of which he was a member, was lineally descended from the Trojan hero Æneas. Virgil attempted to attend the Emperor to the East, but was detained at Naples by ill-health. He met Augustus at Athens, on his return, but soon after fell sick at Megara, and caused himself to be removed to Italy. He landed at Brundusium, where, in a few days, he expired, in the 51st year of his age, leaving unfinished the Æneid, on which he had already been employed eleven years. In spite of Virgil's desire that it should be burnt, the Emperor delivered it for revision to Varius, and two other literary friends; and thus did he, says one of the poets, "preserve "his favourite Troy from a second and more "dismal conflagration."

The persons to whom the poem was delivered were directed in their revision to expunge whatever they deemed improper, but were strictly forbidden to make any additions; and this is probably the reason why so many lines of the Æneid are unfinished, particularly in the last books.

The body of Virgil, according to his own request, was conveyed to Naples, and placed with much solemnity in a monument erected on the road that leads from Naples to Puteoli. The following modest distich, which the poet composed a few moments before his death, was engraven as his epitaph:

Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc
Parthenope, cecini pascua, rura, duces.

THE ARBITRATOR.—No. VI.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

"*To run a muck, and tilt at all you meet.*"

WE are sick of the phrase, Modern Degeneracy. Why should all modern writers be despicable, and all ancient authors exemplary? Has nature, like the municipal law of Britain, showered all her choicest gifts on the first born, and left for the younger children of poetry no inheritance, but stupidity, labour, and contempt? Yet that our ancestors were angels, and that we are worms, appear to be the opinion of the Edinburgh Reviewers.

Since fame is in its own nature dissimilar to most other *abstract* existences, inasmuch as its value must become smaller in proportion as its advantages may become common: and since it is at the same time indispensably necessary to guard against any debilitation of an impulse which acts so powerfully in the promotion of almost all that is useful, ornamental, and great in a nation, we certainly cannot regret that there should some where be a check to the indiscriminate folly of scribbling boys and girls. The vast extension of all periodical works, and the consequent facility of acquiring publicity by advertisements, have now made it so easy to obtain some sort of notoriety, that every stripling whose exercises have been praised by his tutor at college, and every Miss whose imagination has been heated by a novel at boarding school, copy out in a legible hand the fruits of their distempered imaginations, and having *fancied themselves* statesmen, heroines, or lovers, by a natural and easy transition are induced *to fancy that they are capable of instructing the world* in politics, morality, or the metaphysics of the heart. Hence arise those formidable shoals of pamphlets that stare from the windows of Stockdale and of Ridgway: hence those more enervating productions, which diffuse mental seduction and practical imbecility, from the shelves of a thousand circulating libraries: hence most dangerous of all, those innumerable rhymes, which have flowed along the channel of Anacrean Moore, and imbibed the poison of the soil, without preserving the clearness of their waters: hence the neglect of real merit: hence the pedantic plagues of conversational society: and hence the augmentation *in the prices of paper.*

While so many evils continue to result from the immense generality of literary ambition, every man who feels patriotically must wish to see the discouragement of that ambition itself. Almost every body, when he speaks of literature with reference to some individual instance, is unjust: but almost every body who speaks of literature in a national point of view, utters fair and unbiassed truths. The differences of opinion on these matters are not as to generals, but as to particulars; all the world acknowledge the same principles; it is in the individual application of those principles that they confound themselves. Every body when he speaks abstractedly declares that he wishes to see fame bestowed only on those few individuals who deserve it, and that he rejoices when empty pretenders are thrown on their backs, in the struggle for pre-eminence. It must therefore be a matter of satisfaction to thinking persons, to behold a body of men like the Edinburgh Reviewers, who possess in some degree the confidence, certainly the attention, of the public at large, endeavouring to repress the idle vanity of great men who would fain write verses, and of writers of verses, who would fain be great men. But the system of *damping*, which the Edinburgh Reviewers pursue, they pursue too severely; and though some benefit may result to society from the discouragement of scribbling, this is a poor excuse to authors unfairly discouraged. Private vices, it has been said, are public benefits; but they do not on that account cease to be private vices. And though there may be some stages of depravation in the republic of literature as well as in civil governments, when there is great efficacy in a vigour beyond the law, yet we do not apprehend that public folly has yet proceeded to a pitch quite so alarming as to license the pasquinades of private injustice.

The motto of the Edinburgh Reviewers is alone a sufficient proof to convict them of this injustice. They set themselves up as judges, and then say on the cover of their book:

Judex damnatur, cum nocens absolvitur:

Certainly, "*The judge is criminal when the guilty* are *acquitted*," but what of those who are not

guilty? what part of the motto refers to them? Now as a motto is meant to illustrate the general principles of a work, and as this motto refers only to cases of criminal acquittal, what does it tell us? Why it tells us that the object of the work is, not to distribute in the true spirit of criticism, honour to whom honour is due, and blame where blame is merited, but merely to prevent the impunity of error. Unhappy indeed is the community of literature if it must be judged from its unworthy sons alone; unhappy indeed is the worthiest of its sons, if the merits of his work be overlooked by his critic, and its excellencies estimated by its defects. Yet the motto professes only punishment: and with very few exceptions, the conductors of the Edinburgh Review have acted in the genuine spirit of their bitter promise. The writer of this article is no author who has been forgotten, or abused by these critics; he has never composed any production which they have, or could have noticed; and he therefore writes as an impartial member of the community, on a subject in which the community has an interest.

The last number of the Edinburgh Review is now before us. We shall not enter into an analysis of each particular article, but content ourselves with pointing out in a cursory way, a few of the most striking defects which glare in the pages of its criticism. The greatest fault is that against which we have already inveighed, and which in this as well as in most foregoing numbers, is of pretty frequent occurrence: we mean the substitution of venom for medidine. Of this fault therefore we will first bring forward some examples.

In the critique on Lord Byron's poems we have the following sentence; "So far from "hearing with any degree of surprise, that "*very poor* verses were written by a youth "from his leaving school to his leaving college, "inclusive, we really believe this to be the "most common of all occurrences, *that it hap-* "*pens in the life of nine men in ten who are* "*educated in England, and that the tenth man* "*writes better verses than Lord Byron.*" The Reviewer then extracts twelve middling lines, puts it to Lord Byron's candour whether there is any thing in them deserving the name of poetry, and concludes by positively asserting "that there is nothing better than "these stanzas in the whole compass of the "noble minor's volume."

Now we do not deny that the lines in question, are but ordinary: but we would "put "it to the *candour*," of the Edinburgh Reviewers, if we knew where such an appeal may be entered, to declare whether nine men in ten who are educated in England compose any thing quite as good as the following lines, which are to be found in "*the noble minor's volume*," or how far are they excelled by "*the tenth* "*man*," in every half-score; the lines which we quote were addressed to a friend with whom Lord Byron had disagreed:

I will not complain, and though chilled is affection,
With me no corroding resentment shall live,
My bosom is calmed by the simple reflexion,
That both may be wrong, and that both should forgive.
You knew that my soul, that my heart, my existence,
If danger demanded, were wholly your own,
You knew me unaltered by years or distance;
Devoted to love, and to friendship alone.
For the present, we part—I will hope not for ever;
For time and regret will restore you at last;
To forget our dissention we both should endeavour,
I ask no atonement, but days like the past!

The Edinburgh Reviewers say, that "a "certain portion of liveliness, somewhat of "fancy, is necessary to constitute a poem:" but we cannot help thinking that the lines we have quoted possess something better than liveliness; for surely the language of feeling deserves the name of poetry as fairly as the language of mere fancy, and he who addresses the heart is likely to meet a response, at least as warm, as he who addresses the head. If this be true, the public should not repose too implicit a faith in these people, who put praise completely out of their course of distribution, and possess the happy knack of exhibiting the dross, as a specimen of the gold.

But it is not merely by giving unfair selections that Edinburgh Reviewers injure authors: they do a great deal of mischief by the habit of treating ludicrously what is meant to be serious, and presenting a burlesque index instead of an analysis. Thus in treating of a poem they will enter into a dissertation on the merits of any thing but the poetry. They will discuss its size and shape, almost its binding, and its price; all which would be exceedingly good criticism on one of those poems which were published of old, in lines some short and some long, so arranged as to make on one page the figure of an egg, on another that of a hatchet, and so forth: but what business has a critic with the externals of a publication like Mr. Hoyle's, which, however deficient it may pos-

sibly be in some of the highest requisites of poetry, yet certainly is neither voluminous enough to be called unreasonably long, nor pedantic enough to be estimated merely by rule? Yet these Reviewers, as if it signified whether a poem contain twelve books or thirteen, whether the number be odd or even, attack Mr. Hoyle, who as well as the firm of Cumberland and Burgess, has written a work called the Exodiad, because he has given, say they, thirteen books to the dozen. They first acknowledge that the lawful number may vary from six to two dozen; and then they proceed with the following illiberal sentence:

"Yet this generous profusion of an author "in multiplying his pages, though it may "please the purchaser who loves to have bulk "of volume for his money, and may read as "much or as little as he pleases, is sometimes "rather troublesome to peevish critics."

Now, we have no objection to a little nonsense in a Review, so it be good nonsense, and introduced in a fair way. But even nonsense, in order to be good, should have a sort of paradoxical sense; whereas the booksellers know very well that there would be no sort of sense in giving to a purchaser additional bulk of volume for the same money. The sentence proceeds:

"And we must honestly confess, that on the "first perusal of this important article, our "fortitude forsook us at the prospect of thirteen books, on which no ray of interest or "entertainment appeared to dawn."

Is an epic poem, then, like a hilly country, where a man may see the road he is to travel, half a days journey before him? Or, do the Edinburgh Reviewers resemble the Prince Bonbobbin Bonbenin Bonbobbinet, who is said in the fairy tales to have had the faculty of fathoming the contents of a book, by merely looking on the cover?

"Returning, however, to a sense of the duty "and dignity of our profession, we resolved "to scorn the trifling allurement of mere "amusement, and apply our aged eyes to the "task of measuring Mr. Hoyle's poetical al"titude, not by the random guess of our cal"culation, but by the quadrant and plummet "of Aristotelian criticism."

Now, if this had been meant seriously, it would have been unjust, because a poem may be very meritorious without a strict adherence to Aristotle's rules; and though we are fond of a little strictness in poetry, yet we would not deny an author the merit of some poetical altitude, because he wanted all the regularity of perfect proportion. This the Reviewers themselves would no doubt acknowledge as a general principle; and it is from these considerations, rather than from a suspicion of any latent humour in the passage quoted, that we are inclined to conclude the sentence intended in joke. But if it be a joke, which we do not positively assert, although we have ventured to conjecture that it must have been intended for one; if it be a joke, it is a joke very unfairly applied; for who can blame a serious poem for not tallying with a burlesque rule? Really that part of the criticism which to us seems the best joke, is the phrase "*aged eyes;*" and most people will be likely to laugh at that, because every body knows, that the *aged eyes* of many of these *Reviewers* are the illuminative organs of lads young enough to have a taste for whipping their neighbours, and only just old enough to be no longer whipped themselves.

A little further on, we find a succinct account of the mode in which the plot of this Exodiad is conducted: and then they speak of an interview between the aged Egyptian princess Thermutis, and Moses, whom she had adopted as her son. Thermutis and her son converse very naturally and properly in the poem; but the Reviewer, perhaps by way of shewing that he has read Virgil, takes occasion to compare this meeting with the evening party of Dido and Æneas; although nothing appears to have reminded this critic of the similarity, except the total want of resemblance.

The last passage in the Review of this Exodiad, is such very bad irony, that it might almost pass for sober earnest in that place. After what they call a notice of the subject, characters, and style, they thus conclude concerning the moral:

"The last object of attention in an epic "poem criticised on regular principles is the "moral. That of the work before us is in the "highest degree just and interesting. It is, "we think, that people oppressed on account "of their religion, will be supported by Pro"vidence in their endeavours after emancipa"tion: and that bloody tyrants are apt to come "to an untimely end. The first, we think, has "a direct reference to the case of the Irish "Catholics: the second, we imagine to be in"tended for the use of Bonaparte."

And after all, if a lesson on the question of the Catholic Emancipation, or of Imperial oppression, is in fact to be gathered from the intention of this poem, what is there so exceedingly ridiculous in the moral?

In their criticism on Dr. Steuart's Sallust,

the expression of their astonishment has given room to suspect their learning. We shall lay before our readers a passage in the original Latin, with the two translations given in the Edinburgh Review, and the observations, which the Reviewers have subjoined in opposition to the statements of Dr. Steuart.

"At hercule, cum Catone, L. Domitio, "cæterisque ejusdem factionis, quadraginta "Senatores, multi præterea, cum spe bonâ "adolescentes, sicut hostiæ, mactati sunt: "cum interea importunissima genera hominum "tot miserorum civium sanguine satiari nequi- "verunt: non orbi liberi, non parentes exactâ "ætate, non gemitus virorum, luctus mulie- "rum, immanem eorum animum inflexit: quin "acerbius in dies male faciendo ac dicundo, "dignitate alios, alios civitate eversum irent." (2 da Oratio ad Cæsarem).

Cooke's translation of Sallust is thus quoted in the *Edinburgh Review* on the passage in question.

"But now, *when by* Cato, L. Domitius and "the rest of the same faction, forty senators, "with many young men of excellent hope, "were sacrificed like victims; when mean- "time this most outrageous set of men could "not be satiated with the blood of so many "miserable citizens: not orphans, not parents "of decrepid age, not the groans of men or "the wailings of women, would prevail upon "their cruel dispositions, but still they went "on with greater sharpness every day in evil "works and words, to deprive some of dignity, "others of their country."

Dr. Steuart, after ingeniously arguing that *Catone* ought to be *Carbone*, continues; "It "surpasses my comprehension, on what prin- "ciples of Latin Syntax, not only the Pre- "sident De Brosses, but likewise Mr. Rowe "and Mr. Cooke, (both certainly scholars,) "should have so rendered the words as to "make *cum* an adverb instead of a prepo- "sition, and Cato, (or Carbo,) and Domitius, "the perpetrators of the Massacre."

"We shall not," say the Reviewers, "here "dwell on the inaccuracy of stating that Mr. "Cooke makes *cum* an adverb, whereas he in "reality makes it a conjunction; but proceed "to express our counter-astonishment, how "Dr. Steuart could imagine *cum* to be a pre- "position: and further to inquire how, in this "mode of interpretation, he disposes of the "second *cum*, i. e. *cum interea*. These two "conjunctions govern the verbs *mactati sunt* "and *nequiverunt*, thus making *inflexit* the "principal verb in the sentence."

That Dr. Steuart has made a mistake between the adverb and the preposition is true enough: but every school-boy knows that if Cato and Domitius had been mentioned as the perpetrators of the murder, the preposition *a* must have preceded their names, and the sentence would have been,—*At Hercule, cum a Catone, L. Domitio, &c. Cum* therefore must be the preposition governing Catone and the other ablatives, which without such a government could never have been brought there as ablatives at all. Dr. Steuart's translation is not literal, but it conveys, we think, the real sense.

"Not only Carbo and Domitius, and other "persons of like principles, but forty senators "have also been cut off, together with the "flower of our youth, all victims to their fury. "Meanwhile did the civil blood which they "thus made to flow, suffice to appease them? "Deaf alike to the cries of the orphan, the "tears of the widow, the intreaties of youth, "and the groans of age, they maintained their "course of unbridled violence. They grew "daily fiercer with insolence and brutality, "and whomsoever they regarded as hostile to "their views, they degraded from his rank, or "else expelled from his country."

Thus Dr. Steuart makes one sentence conclude with the words "*mactati sunt*," and another commence with the words "*Cum in- "terea*," which is the only reading that in our opinion can be supported by the grammar.

But the Edinburgh Reviewers object, that Sallust being of the same party with Cæsar, whom he here addresses, "would naturally in- "veigh against the sanguinary proceedings of "Cato, L. Domitius, and others of that fac- "tion. In another part of the same Epistle, "speaking in terms of censure of the same set "of men, he again mentions by name the same "two individuals. At L. Domitii magna vis "est, cujus nullum membrum a flagitio aut fa- "cinore vacat? Lingua vana, manus cruentæ, "pedes fugaces; quæ honestè nominari ne- "queant inhonestissuma. Unicus tamen M. "Catonis ingenium versutum, loquax, callidum, "haud contemno, Parantur hæc disciplina "Græcorum. Sed virtus, vigilantia, labos, "apud Græcos nulla sunt."

The Edinburgh Reviewers urge also against "the reading proposed by Dr. Steuart, that "if Sallust had been speaking of Cæsar's and "his own friends, instead of their enemies, he "would never have used the word *factionis*." But we think Dr. Steuart adduces a much more powerful argument, in favour of his own reading,

when he cites a passage from the other Epistle of Sallust to Cæsar, in which a Carbo and a Domitius are both stated to have been killed by the opposite party. "An illa quæ paullo "ante hoc bellum in Cn. Pompeium victori- "amque Syllanam increpabantur, oblivio "abstulit? Interfecit Domitium. Carbonem, "Brutum, alios item non armatos, neque in "prælio, belli jure, sed postea, supplices, per "summum scelus interfectos."

But if there were not one corroborative proof to be collaterally adduced from history, the single weight of grammar ought to decide the question: and he must be a very dashing grammarian indeed, who ventures to place the ablative of the agent by the side of the verb without the support of the preposition!

There are many more instances of unfairness and inaccuracy scattered through the number of which we are speaking, as well as through the preceding part of the series: but we have thought it sufficient to say thus much, because our object is not to undervalue the work, but to prove that it is not infallible; and very few instances of fallibility, if clearly substantiated, may be sufficient to overthrow the universal faith which is demanded by this *soi-disant* orthodoxy.

TO THE EDITOR OF LE BEAU MONDE.

A LETTER FROM THE LIVING TO THE DEAD,

(Continued from Vol. II. page 244.)

Sir,

AS it is a long time since I wrote you my first letter, I dare say you begin to be very impatient for news from these Elysian Regions. I will, therefore, accommodate you with some further intelligence of our ghostly club.

I have already told you something of Augustus and Pollio, and now I'll say a little about the rest of our leading men. Perhaps you may suppose, from my last characters, that we have nobody but Emperors and Lords; but, I assure you that, though there are many titles in the club, there is a good deal of wit too; for our Lords are contented to be hearers: and, though they always pay the reckoning, they do not expect, as I understand your modern patrons do, that every man who eats their dinners shall laugh at their jokes, or keep awake over their manuscripts.

Among our cleverest fellows is my good old friend Horace. His father, as I dare say you know, was only a freed-man; but he gave the lad a good education at Rome, and then sent him to study philosophy at Athens. From Athens he set out in the army of Brutus, and went to the battle of Philippi; but having a greater devotion to Apollo than to Mars, and recollecting, perhaps, that the most famous qualification of Achilles himself was the swiftness of his feet, young Horace displayed his contempt of the hostile troops, by turning his back upon them, and betook himself to the profession of a poet at Rome. Now I have heard that your modern men of fashion very commonly imitate the example of Horace, in their education, and in their military ardour too; for they are first sent to Westminster, and then placed at Oxford: they acquire a taste for scarlet cloth and gold lace, and buy commissions in the guards: indeed, the only difference between them and Horace, is, that they are not exposed to the discreditable temptation of running away, because, when their regiments are ordered abroad, they exchange into others that are destined to stay at home.

Well, Sir, Horace got on exceedingly well in his capacity of a poet; and Virgil and I, who, to speak without vanity, are both of us candid men, recommended him to the notice of the Emperor Augustus, and of Mecænas, who was his Majesty's prime minister. In any other times, Horace might, perhaps, have been asked to dinner once or twice, he might have received even the promise of a sinecure, and, vainly waiting at the doors of antichambers, he might have spent, in soliciting the performance of this promise, as much time as would have earned him more money by his own industry than the sinecure itself was worth; but Augustus and Mecænas were very different people from patrons in general; and, instead of gathering the young flower, inhaling its sweets, and throwing it away, they transplanted it into a richer and more fertilizing soil, fostered it

with light and heat, and assisted its growth with cherishing dews. They gained their reward, for their vanity was flattered: the poets whom they had assisted extolled their generosity, and perpetuated their fame: the public, who gained by the judicious magnificence of their rulers, praised the works of the poets, and the taste of the patrons. A wise patron is aware, that though it was nature that painted the tulip beautiful, the gardener who has reared it will acquire commendation. Augustus and Mecænas had determined to be immortal; they felt that the circumstances of the times afforded no opportunity for political glory, and perhaps were conscious that they had not genius for becoming great writers themselves; so that they had only the option of patronizing persons who really were able to write admirably, or of extending their reputation by the sword. The alternative was before them, and they chose to immortalize themselves rather by the gratitude of genius, than by the sufferings of human nature. So Horace soon became a great favourite; and he was one of the few people who, deserving fame from posterity, have gained it from their own contemporaries. To be sure there are a great many faults in his works, which you living folks do not seem to be aware of, and which you will see very clearly, when I tell you all the critical quarrels that have taken place at the club: but he really did merit his fame, and I believe his place in the esteem of his patrons too; for he survived his dear friend Mecænas only three weeks; and though he does not acknowledge it, yet, I really believe he died of a broken heart. He ordered his bones to be buried near those of Mecænas, and left all his property to Augustus. Now he is dead, he *enlivens* us in Elysium.

Then we have Virgil; a remarkably good club-man; for he says very little, and of course is a good hearer—behaves very modestly, and of course eclipses no man's merit. Augustus used to place himself between Horace and Virgil in his own palace; and as Virgil had short breath, and Horace a pair of watery eyes, Augustus one day said, "*Ego sum inter suspiria et lacrymas—I am between tears and sighs.*" We all laughed at this joke the first time; but his Majesty tried it again the other day, when he had a mind to teaze poor Virgil, and the whole club set up such a murmur, that Augustus was obliged to hold his tongue. Virgil was noticed by the great men in your world, just as much as Horace; but in general he does not undergo so many attacks among us wits, because he has less dash, and seems less able to defend himself.

We have Livy and Ovid; and the less remarkable names of our party are those of Plotius Tucca, who helped me in revising the Æneid after Virgil's death: Octavius, the historian, Fuscus Aristius, Messala, and some others, whose works have not reached you: but since our constitution of a posthumous club here below, we have admitted the ghosts of several persons, whose flesh and blood existed at periods remote from that of our earthly conversation-parties. Homer has got a place among us, and so have Sophocles, Plato, and that visionary philosopher Pythagoras. Aristophanes we blackballed because he was a black-guard: but Terence has contrived to get in, and so have some of those dry old fellows who called themselves the seven wise men of Greece. Aristotle is an honorary member, but he very seldom comes. Besides these, we have Lucretius, Juvenal and a few others; and as some of these authors are apt to be a little conceited of their own parts, Minos, who is a very severe judge here, has forced us to admit Zoilus, the critic, into our society; who certainly is one of the greatest bores that ever plagued a company of gentlemen.

I told you, in my former letter, that I was very envious of Horace and Virgil, and some others of these wits, because their works have reached posterity, and mine have not. But, perhaps, I spoke a little too hastily of them in the moment of inspiration, when I took my pen to address you, for I really think them very clever fellows; and if I now expose to you the faults which, as authors, they certainly have, and which have been set in rather a strong light by some of the conversations at the club, I do it, by no means because I conceive those faults are not redeemed by the beauties that surround them, but, seriously and truly, because I think it is a shame to let other poets, of perhaps equal genius, suffer neglect and contempt, only for not happening to have been born eighteen hundred and fifty years ago.

You must know, then, that a dispute arose on one of the days when Aristotle dined with us, about the merit of Horace's poetry. Horace, in his light airy way, had said something, I forget what, about his own works, which the grave Aristotle thought a little too conceited. Accordingly, the Stagyrite very coolly expressed an opinion or two, which Horace thought by no means sufficiently eulogistic; and a general conversation, half in earnest and half in jest

on the part of Horace, completely serious on that of Aristotle, and promiscuously gay or grave with the other interlocutors, was begun and carried on for several successive club-days. The subject interested old Aristotle, and he attended constantly. I made correct minutes of everything material that occurred, and will, from time to time, as I may have leisure for copying out a page or two from them, transmit to you accounts of the conversations of the dead, unadulterated as they fell from the mouths of the speakers. When I have occasion to mention my own name, I shall avoid the egotism of the first person, and constantly call myself

Varius.

THE MODERN RAGE FOR ANCIENT ARCHITECTURE AND DECORATION.

IT was only in the rudest ages of ancient mythological superstition, that in the decorative parts of furniture, or rather of architecture, such ornaments were used, as the heads and horns of animals; for example, for the Temple of *Pan*. Here they were strictly proper, because conformable, and here likewise the *Doric* order (the first idea of which, as all ideas of the truly sublime, beautiful and just, ever must be), drawn from nature, was first appropriated. The sturdy oak suggested the idea, as the tall cedar, or the slender pine, or perhaps even the delicate form of some lovely female, might that of the *Ionic*. To return, the rude *Doric* column, so suggested, was certainly, with other ornamental parts of architecture, such as the heads and horns of animals, birds, serpents, &c. faithfully copied from the great original, Nature, and, so copied, most justly and properly applied to the Temple of the God of the Woods. But what has this rude and ancient barbarism to do with present taste? What is the miserable affectation of calling that *taste*, which arises only from the want of it, and is the result either of the grossest ignorance, or a confused intruding of ancient customs and notions, at different periods of time, and distant from each other, thus franticly jumbled together, with no more meaning than a monkey in the shop of a statuary would heap together the *Venus di Medicii* and the figure of a modern *belle*, that of *Narcissus* and a modern fine gentleman, or the head of *Demosthenes* with that of a modern orator. A man of taste and fashion (so called) decorates his entrance-hall with *Ionic* columns to support the massy roof; his apartments, where he expects to receive refined society, with the heavy *Doric*; his chairs, as though he meant to insult them by emblematical devices, he surmounts with the heads and wings of Harpies, (thus surrounding his table, like that of the King sung by King *Ovid*), or perhaps worse still, with those of wild boars, otherwise hogs, asses, &c. The feet, or *antique claws* of his table, he entwines with serpents and crocodiles, while savage *hyenas*, wolves, tigers, and hippopotamuses, fiercely and grudgingly as it were, grin at you from his chimney-piece. What! are we to be told that all this is taste? or is it not rather the effects of a wild (not a beautifully wild) and hypochondriac fancy? *Taste* and *fancy* are not synonymous, though some folks persuade themselves that they are, and what is more extraordinary, sometimes succeed in persuading the multitude of the same thing. Why fill an hospitable mansion, if so it is intended to be, not only with all the terrific monsters that ever howled in the deserts of Africa, but with the more hideous and fantastic monsters of their own vile creation? For example, devils with wings;—so perhaps they appeared to their most devilish fancies; angels with horns, serpents with human heads, sphinxes with cats heads, centaurs with the upper part horse, and the lower part man, with two *Medusa's* heads (fierce gentlewomen), though Ovid himself can tell us but of one, stare at the beholders from each corner of the side-board, not to turn them into stone, but just, kind souls, to supply the footmen with water from their mouths, by means of a peg snugly placed in a nostril, or behind an ear!—Oh! degradation to the spirit of great Theseus! who used the gorgon for such far nobler purposes: Oh! degradation to Minerva's Ægis, described in such glowing language by the immortal Homer! Let us not forget in this enumeration, the case of the vestal virgins, to be seen upon every staircase, and made, as they are nightly, to commit the greatest of sins, from their inability to keep alight (not the sacred fire), but the perishable flame of a wax candle! What is the meaning of all this nonsense—of these heterogeneous deviations? Why not study the just, the applicable, the simple, the appropriate? It is in that consists true

taste, and the real beauty of architectural decoration. Nothing, certainly, can ever be tasteful, graceful, or beautiful, that is not just; nor can any thing be just that is not drawn from the great and immutable source of all truth and beauty, Nature! In what did the beauty of Grecian architecture consist? In the perfect simplicity and consequent gracefulness of its style, boasting always parallels in Nature, while her unerring proportions were constantly preserved in their models.

R—sa M——da.

ON THE MANNERS OF THE FRENCH.

WE are perpetually told of the striking difference which subsists between the manners of the English and the French: and it is pretty generally believed that we have for centuries been little better than barbarians when compared to our neighbours. But, perhaps, if we consider a little more carefully, we shall find that their good-breeding, though more universal in its application, is not so substantial as ours. All the good manners which they have they shew upon all occasions, just as they carry their whole fortunes in their cloaths: but if a heavy draught be made either upon their politeness or their purse, they seldom have a fund to answer it. The following anecdote of Mademoiselle de Gournay, the adopted daughter of the celebrated Montaigne, will serve to shew how little of that self-command, which is the real foundation of all good breeding, was required in a fine lady, though she possessed the reputation of fashion, and the acquaintance of such men as Heinsius, Balzac, Perron, Bentivoglio, and Richelieu.

When Montaigne was dead, his adopted daughter turned that admiration which was now disengaged, upon the Marquis de Racan, with whom she yet was acquainted only by his works. Having a great desire of personally knowing a poet who had so much merit of his own, and so much candour in praising that of other people, she neglected no means of procuring him to pay her a visit. The day and the hour were fixed for this call, and two friends of the poet who had been informed of the appointment, seized this opportunity for affording themselves a little sport. One of these gentlemen knocked at her door an hour or two before the appointed time, and sent up the name of M. De Racan. Mademoiselle de Gournay received him in the warmest manner: he talked of the works which she had published, and which he had been studying in order the better to pay his court to her. He staid about a quarter of an hour, and left the lady to congratulate herself on having conversed with Racan. He was scarcely gone, when the servant again entered, announcing M. De Racan. She supposed her guest was coming up stairs again to say something that he had forgotten and she was preparing to pay him some compliment on the occasion, when the second wag entered, and paid his own. She could not help asking him several times if he were really the Marquis, and related to him what had just passed. The pretended Racan affected to be excessively displeased with the trick, and vowed vengeance. However, Mademoiselle de Gournay was better pleased with him than with the former, because he praised her much more: so she soon believed him to be the real Racan, and considered the preceding visitor as an impostor. As this second wit went out of the house, the real Racan arrived, and sent up his name. "What," cried she, quite out of patience, "more Racans!" However, in came the poet: and Mademoiselle, in a very angry tone, enquired whether he were come to insult her. Racan, who, at best, was not fluent in dialogue, and who on this occasion expected quite a different reception, was so much confused that he could do nothing but stammer. Mademoiselle, losing all decorum, declared she was sure he was a fellow sent to make a jest of her; and pulling off her slipper, she so belaboured his pate with the heel of it, that he was compelled to save himself by flight!

Menage, who relates this story, says that Bois-Robert used to tell it every where, and that he sometimes amused a company with it even in the presence of Racan: and when any body appealed to the poor poet for the authenticity of the tale, he would say, "*Why, there is some truth in it!*"

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

A FEW OBSERVATIONS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF THE NATION,

IN A LETTER TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEDFORD. BY THE REV. F. RANDOLPH, M. D.

THE state of the Nation has, by most of those who have discussed it, been considered as a mere phrase, under cover of which it was convenient to promulgate certain party principles: and of course it has generally happened, that while some who were in possession of power perpetually magnified the resources and the conquests of the country, others who were interested in displacing the leaders of the nation, at once exclaimed against the weakness of the ministers, and deplored the perils of the state. So often have we been warned to expect the immediate dissolution of Britain, that the phrase, *national ruin*, has become as little heeded as a hobgoblin-story: and when dangers of every kind, at last, in reality appear, they are regarded as equally visionary with those that have before been conjured up. There is an ancient fable of a country-boy, who often drew the old shepherds about him by waggishly exclaiming that the wolves approached: till at last, when the wolves did actually arrive, he cried out for assistance in vain, and his flock was devoured by the hungry beast. Just so have our noisy politicians acted: the wolf is now really at hand, and his approach is not perceived even by those who are the most interested in public affairs. It does not belong to us, as Reviewers, to point out the remedies for national calamities: but it is our business to state those mischiefs, which have been overlooked, by an author who writes a pamphlet for purposes of practical benefit.

We have for the most part been unwilling to enlarge upon political subjects in the pages of *Le Beau Monde*, because we have felt that works of a lighter kind ought not to be incumbered with many grave dissertations. But at this moment, when extraordinary events are universally pleaded as the excuse of extraordinary measures, and when, from the peculiar and unprecedented situation of public affairs, even that which relates to the aggregate is contemplated by the individual with curiosity if not with interest, it seems necessary to say something on the momentous question of national security, and at the same time to avoid the pompous form of a regular essay. We therefore have chosen to review the present pamphlet—a work which is likely to be often mentioned, because its subject is important, and its author notorious.

But if this pamphlet shall be often mentioned, we think it not equally probable that it will be much read: for the observations which it contains are by no means new, the illustrations by no means striking, and the general plan by no means comprehensive. Every body has heard of Dr. Randolph of Bath: but to be generally known is not always to be generally admired; and the notoriety, which may be obtained among tattling gossips and women of fashion, should not be mistaken for fame. Dr. Randolph may be a very well-bred, well-read, and well-spoken divine: but the church and state are not connected so nearly in actual knowledge as in modern policy, and a man may write an excellent sermon, without the least capacity for the construction of a political pamphlet. For in a sermon, novelty is almost out of place: and that preacher well performs his duty, who forcibly recalls to the mind that which it has before acknowledged. But in politics, novelty is usually expected: at least where accusation, recrimination, and defence, are not concerned: for who cares to be told, that public spirit is a public benefit, or that agriculture and commerce have both contributed to the exaltation of Britain? Dr. Randolph has little of novelty: and he seems not only to have small genius for contriving the means of national recovery, but even to have totally forgotten half the existing circumstances of the country, and half the great causes of its weakness.

These causes are two-fold: some acting by an external, and some by an internal operation. The causes that act externally Dr. Randolph has not condescended to particularise, but after observing that our affairs do not go on very well upon the Continent, he grows religious for a few pages, and then enters on the internal state of affairs. The internal sources of wealth are agriculture and manufactures: and

the injuries which affect these sources, affect of course the general prosperity. On these two sources, on the injuries that may affect them, and on the comparative importance belonging to each, Dr. Randolph has said at some length what has very often been said before; but he should have remembered that though the internal affairs of a nation generally suffer most heavily from those causes which affect the *first springs* of that nation's internal greatness, yet there are other evils which may *intermediately* arise, and which, although they do not poison the *fountain*, may pollute the *channel along which the waters must flow*. These evils are some of them merely internal, and some of them affecting our interests both at home and abroad: and they are such as must loudly demand the attention of those who employ themselves in writing on the state of the nation. We will submit to our readers, first, a few observations of our own, on the chief causes which, externally and internally, appear to us to have, in a *primary* manner, occasioned the situation in which the country is now placed; and afterwards on those which by a *subsequent* operation may have produced any remarkable effects.

Nobody can have a moment's difficulty in discovering the first cause of our external misfortunes. Let any man revert to the relative situation in which England and France were placed only twenty years ago; and if in comparing the continental greatness of England at that period, with her continental greatness at the present day, he will observe the gradations by which France has been raising her glory on our loss, he will find that each single step for our enemy's exaltation, has been planted before his feet by our own immediate efforts. We have held the ladder by which he ascended, and we have strengthened the eminence on which he stands. If at the moment when the revolutionary spirit first blazed forth in France, the Minister of this country had been content to let its flame expire by the want of fuel, we might at this day have retained our empire on the seas, without losing our importance on land. But at that critical instant there was in this country a man whose magnificent talents were even exceeded by his inordinate ambition; to whom nature had already been so amply bountiful, that fortune had no stores of proportionate value to bestow. Wearied with the short repose that followed the American war, he waited in anxious expectation of some great event, to which he himself might give a bold direction. France was in commotion, and he erected himself as the regulator of her internal affairs. She resented the interposition, and war was summoned to justify what presumption had begun. The French, if they had been suffered to follow their own schemes without foreign interruption, would have weakened themselves too completely by their intestine commotions, to have been dangerous to the safety of Europe. But the recollection of all civil animosities, was totally swallowed up in the dread of a foreign yoke; and these parties which would have contended *with each other* for a straw, had good sense enough to constitute a vigorous league *against the common enemy*. In vain did England unite in her party all the nations of the continent; one after another they seceded, either vanquished or fatigued, and the resolution and firmness of France, a single nation, prevailed against all the greatest potentates of the world. The light of liberty had shone upon their minds, and though that splendour which should have been only an illuminating guide, had been sometimes kindled into a consuming fire, yet the flame was still the flame of freedom, and freedom triumphed upon earth. But when the legitimate objects of self-defence had been obtained, the French had not moderation enough to pause: their army had established their right of governing *themselves*; and they were determined to acquire the government of *the world*. That France has been criminal, it is easy to argue; but not the less has England been foolish. While opposite factions, in weakening themselves, were strengthening us, was it our business to unite all the dangerous and disaffected spirits of the age in a strict combination against ourselves? If France is still a nation, it is England that has preserved her; if France has been victorious, it was the interference of England that organized her armies; if France is now the mistress of the continent, it is England whose ill-judged coalitions have exalted her. In a word, the great cause of all our external misfortunes, has been, Mr. Pitt; for it is impossible to consider the present war, in which also, by the bye, Mr. Pitt has acted a very important part, as any other than the sequel of the last. The poisonous matter that originally rankled in the wound, continued to operate in the system when the sore was externally healed: it has now forced for itself another passage, and the fresh wound is dreadfully gathering. Let it not be urged that we have, in any respect, bettered our condition by the victories we have gained on the seas: those victories have not *increased* our power, they have only *displayed* it; and though the *continental influence*, which the war has lost us,

would have been valuable in peace, yet the *possession of a few vessels*, more or less, would, in peace, have been totally unimportant to a nation already so powerful. The only use of a naval victory, to a nation that reigns unrivalled on the sea, is the immediate check of the enemy conquered; whereas, a victory at land, not only checks the enemy, but generally adds a quantity of real state to the possessions of the conquering nation. Thus, at the present moment, we find ourselves deprived of the influence which we once possessed at land, and possessing only the empire of the seas, which, as far as it could be of any real and just service, we possessed before.

But the operation of Mr. Pitt's system has not ceased with his existence: he has left behind, not only the mischievous effects of his own measures, but a spirit that leads other men to produce more such effects. When the last Administration retired from office, we heard so much about the necessity of pursuing a rigorous plan upon the continent, that the new Ministers, in the fear of their doing nothing, have done a great deal too much. In their contempt of sloth, they have ventured on rapine; and, lest the country should be disgraced for want of care, they have taken care to disgrace it, like the Irish servant, who, being blamed by his master for neglecting his work, set the house on fire by way of showing his activity. The scholars of Mr. Pitt even outstripped their master: like their master they produce mischievous effects, but they far surpass him in the atrocity of the means. It is unnecessary for us to say that we are speaking of the expedition by which the neutral vessels of Denmark were seized at Copenhagen: an expedition which is likely to be as detrimental to our interests as it is disgraceful to our honour. The conversations which Lord Hutchinson has related, as having passed between himself and the Russian Emperor, tend to place his Imperial Majesty in a very honourable point of view, and to prove what we confess ourselves not to have before believed, that our breach with the Court of St. Petersburgh has resulted from our infraction of faith. It has been clearly shown by Lord Hutchinson, that the sentiments of Alexander were not unfriendly to England, immediately after the Treaty of Tilsit: the whole manner of the Emperor was amicable, and no sort of evidence appears, from which we can gather the most remote doubt of the sincerity of that manner; but immediately after the attack at Copenhagen, the Russian Emperor became estranged from our cause, and he expressly stated, that his estrangement was the effect of that measure. The statements of great men, it is true, are a little suspicious; but even great men do not eye gratuitously, and we have no reason for believing that there was, in this case, any motive for a false statement. If the Emperor's mind had been poisoned by Bonaparte, his coldness would have shown itself to Lord Hutchinson, in the dialogue that succeeded the Treaty of Tilsit: that coldness did not appear until the conversation that succeeded the capture of the Danish vessels; it was natural that Russia, a neutral nation, and considering herself the arbitress of the Baltic, should resent an injustice committed on the Baltic, and against a neutral nation: thus the facts themselves appear to corroborate the Emperor's allegations, and every thing tends to prove that the hostility of Russia has been occasioned by the violation of Denmark. What, but indignation, could England expect, that the Russians would feel, when they beheld our vessels dragging over the bosom of the Baltic, the navy of a neutral power, and exceeding all the atrocities of the French? Then did Great Britain, which for years had been fighting under the pretence of preserving the principles of justice and the law of nations, herself pronounce the repeal of all those principles and of all those laws: then first did the Ministers of these islands fit out a fleet for national piracy, and sully the laurels of our seamen, by the blood of a *neutral foe*: then first did England condescend to a contest in villainy, and endeavour to compensate, by the plunder of one nation, the injuries she had received from another. Ministers have attempted to justify their conduct upon these grounds: 1st. The avowed designs of France; 2dly. The impracticability of effectual resistance on the part of Denmark; 3dly, The magnitude of the danger to this country, should the Danish navy fall into the hands of Bonaparte. What do such defences prove, but just this: 1st. That we have anticipated the robbery of France, and disinterestedly taken upon our own shoulders the possible guilt which our enemy might have incurred; 2dly, That we have *taken advantage* of a neutral's inability to resist our enemies, when we ought rather to have *supplied* that inability by our *own succours*; and, 3dly, That our Ministers confess, in the face of all Europe, that the existence of England, the Mistress of the seas, is endangered by the chance of opposition from a few Danish ships!

Under these circumstances, it cannot be matter of surprise, that we have lost the friendship

of Russia. But if the loss of that friendship were our *whole* loss, it would not, perhaps, be fair to place the attack upon Copenhagen among the principal of those causes that are likely to influence our external affairs. It is in the dereliction of national faith, the abandonment of national principle, that we see the great grounds for alarm. Dr. Randolph, in the pamphlet now before us, has said something of the vices of individuals which may affect the country, but he has forgotten to treat of the vices of the country, which must ultimately affect individuals. He who would treat of the state of the nation, should consider, that among the causes of its rise or fall, are national morals, as well as national wisdom and valour! and if the unfortunate measures of Mr. Pitt have tended to lower the continental opinion of British wisdom, and of British valour, the measure of Danish violation has struck the death-blow to our greatness, by annihilating the continental opinion of British integrity.

The preservation of the great principles of national faith, like the preservation of the principles of private law, is always of the greatest importance to those who are naturally weakest. Nations great by nature, such as Russia and France, possessing territory of vast extent, and of course, the internal means of supporting a vast population, may exist through all changes of events, though certainly with different degrees of comfort. But a nation like England, which, without great natural resources, has arrived at glory by her wisdom and her virtue, should reflect that when she ceases to be wise and virtuous, she must soon cease to be glorious. She has risen by claiming protection from the common faith of all the world; and all the world granted that protection for centuries. Had the other nations of Europe been inclined to violate the principles of this faith, Britain would have been too weak to support herself against them: their territories were larger, and they had a greater disposeable force. Britain having attained her present state of greatness, may, for a while, preserve her rank even in opposition to those who assisted her in her advancement; but if the contest should be protracted for many years, which is an event by no means so improbable as to be unworthy of a provision, those States which possess the greatest internal resources must at last be the greatest nations. Our resources for *foreign* greatness lie chiefly in our commerce; and though, independent of commerce, Britain may exist, yet independent of commerce, a country so small as Britain cannot be a nation *of first rate consideration.*

At this moment the commerce of Britain has been heavily injured, and when by the violation of all public faith, Britain shall have shut herself out from the chance of recovering that commerce, what is to become of all her boasted greatness abroad? While her credit was inviolate, peace might indeed be difficult of acquisition, yet at least it was satisfactory to reflect, that it's acquisition would be without dishonour: but now we must either submit to the eternal hostility and concomitant scorn of the whole civilized world, or, in all probability, be obliged, on a treaty of peace, to restore the vessels which we have seized, and in putting our signature beneath the articles of pacification, to record, in the face of all Christendom, a confession of our weakness, our folly, and our guilt! Whatever may have been the wicked policy of nations naturally powerful, it therefore becomes Great Britain to consider, that as her superiority depends rather on moral than on physical causes, it is her interest to uphold the interests of morality; and we scarcely expected to see her verify in the days of her power, that ironical definition which declares the law of nations to be a rule of conduct, contrived by strong states, to be observed by the weak!

We have thus discussed the chief questions of public valour, wisdom, and virtue, which appear to have been *primarily* concerned in our external fate; and as the present article has already extended itself beyond the limits which we can conveniently afford for it, we are under the necessity of postponing the consideration of the remaining parts of our subject to the pages of our next number.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES OF THE ORDERS IN COUNCIL,

And an Examination of the Conduct of Great Britain towards the Neutral Commerce of America. By Alexander Baring, Esq. M. P.

WE consider not only the mercantile part of the community, but the government and the country at large, as under great obligations to Mr. Baring for this pamphlet. Our countrymen have participated largely in that mistaken jealousy, which is said to proceed from commercial habits, but which owes its origin, in fact, to prejudices in which the true spirit of commerce has nothing to do. It is but lately that we have been willing to believe that riches could be acquired by one of two countries trading together without impoverishing the other. If we look back to our obstinate conflicts with the Dutch, under the government of Cromwell and Charles II., we shall find the jealousy of trade at the bottom of our quarrels. The policy of the Dutch was to cultivate peace with all the world. War, they knew, would increase their burdens, and, by abridging their commerce, would lessen their means of discharging them. Nothing therefore drove them into war except actual necessity. If such was the steady policy of Holland, much more ought it to be the policy of the United States of America, a country whose great extent opens a wide field for the increase of population, the progress of whose improvement is completely suspended by war, while in peace the ratio of that progress is great beyond example. That the American government views their situation in this light, that they are sincerely desirous of peace and averse to war, unless when indispensable for their national honour or safety, we have very clear evidence, if we would permit ourselves to examine facts and documents. Not but that there is in that country a hot headed faction, who clamour for war with England, but the ascendancy of sounder views in the majority of the nation is such as to prevent their government from yielding to so dangerous an infatuation, unless obliged by imperious necessity. That this is the case is pretty well proved by the history of our differences with the Americans. It is now fully three years since we began to obstruct their trade, in what they conceived to be an oppressive manner, and it is only three months since they have ventured to carry their retaliation into effect, by enforcing the Non-importation Act. Surely this argues no great haste to go to war with us. The great bone of contention has been their trade with the French West India colonies. The merits of this question, for after all it is not correctly understood, are as follows:—France, like Great Britain, reserves to herself in peace a monopoly of her colonial traffic, excluding from it Americans as well as all other nations; but since the extinction of her mercantile marine, by the great superiority of our naval force, she has found it expedient to open her colonies to neutrals. American vessels repair to Martinique or Gadaloupe with plantation stores, receive on board sugar, coffee, or cotton, pay 10 per cent. on the amount to the French island government, and convey this produce to their own country, from which it may be shipt to all parts of the world. It has been said that they convey it from the French colonies direct to France, but this is not the case: they have never pretended to any such right, and if they did, the vigilance of the British cruizers would soon put an end to it. So far is this from being the case, that we do not allow the vessel which may have loaded in the French West Indies to bring on the produce to Europe, although she may have touched at an American harbour:—we require that the goods shall have been landed and duty paid on them; and so rigid are our orders in this respect, that the produce is often sold in America, in order that the actual change of property may prevent any cavil at its claim to neutrality. And here it is important to correct a very prevalent notion, originating, we believe, in the well-known pamphlet "*War in Disguise*," that the Americans are agents for the French colonial proprietors, who are supposed to sit quietly at home and receive their rents through this convenient medium. So far from this being the case, there never was any large proportion of these proprietors, even in best times, resident in the mother country, much less in times of such penury as they have lately experienced. Instead of gathering in a rental, the French colonist is glad to have it in his power to pay his way, and this he is enabled to do only by

selling his produce to neutrals. That produce when at sea is therefore bona fide neutral property.

After the beginning of Mr. Pitt's second administration, the distresses of the British West India colonies induced him to adopt measures for the purpose of increasing the charge of the conveyance of French produce, in neutral bottoms. Our courts became more strict in the requisite proofs of neutrality, and in the Autumn of 1805, an American ship, the Essex, was condemned, because the duties in America had been paid by bond, and not in money. This being a general case, no sooner was the decision known, than our cruizers sent in Americans in all directions, and their government began to threaten retaliation by a non-importation act. On Mr. Fox's accession to office, a more conciliatory tone was adopted; the Americans were given to understand, that we had no wish to stop their trade with the French colonies, but to permit its continuance, subject to the observance of certain regulations. In return for this friendly disposition, the Americans agreed to suspend their non-importation act. In January last year, the conferences came to a close, and a treaty was signed,—the conditions of which are not yet before the public, though their substance is pretty well known. In some parts of this treaty, the American commissioners finding it impossible to reconcile their instructions with the views of our goverment, but being at the same time extremely desirous to conciliate the two countries, actually went beyond their powers, and fabricated several articles conditionally. President Jefferson, very impudently in our opinion, took upon him to refuse the ratification of the treaty, and returned it without even consulting the Senate. The disputed points were understood to relate to the question of impressing seamen on board of American ships, which he wished our government to relinquish *in toto*, provided these seamen had certificates of American citizenship, a demand which we flatly refused. Meantime, before the return of the treaty to this country, a change had taken place in the ministry, and the Americans found at the helm men much less partial to their commercial prosperity. It is likely, therefore, that the President's refusal to ratify the treaty sent out, is now matter of general regret in the United States. Indeed, we know that the Philadelphia merchants have openly petitioned against the principles which this refusal avowed. Had the ratification taken place, it is possible that our late extraordinary measure, the order in council of the 11th of November, would not have been adopted,—and from all that we can see or learn, this measure is likely to do us much more harm than good.

The popular opinion that the commercial prosperity of Holland was detrimental to ours, although a very erroneous one, had at least some plausibility; but to apply the same notion to the prosperity of America, is an absurdity discoverable on the slightest inquiry:—America is by far our best customer.—She already buys manufactures from us to the extent of ten millions sterling a year. Every year we witnessed an increase of her purchases: or in other words, the more capital she acquires, the more goods she buys from us.—Her prosperity is, therefore, most clearly, our prosperity. If by a successful war against her, we destroy a large proportion of her capital, we should extinguish a fund which would otherwise be appropriated to the purchase of British woollens and hardware. She furnishes our workmen with raw materials; she takes back the fourth of their industry, paying the workman for his labour, and the British merchant for the profits of his stock. While our intercourse is thus eminently beneficial, the commerce of the two countries with other nations has nothing in it to produce animosity: there is no rivalship in the produce of their respective soils. America sends abroad wheat, rice, salt provisions, timber, cotton, and tobacco:—England exports none of these; her raw materials of export, such as tin, or coal, are few.—The bulk of her exports is, in many instances, in which she, far from experiencing any rivalship from America, it is very clear that America will not, for these hundred years to come, supply herself. How easily might our interests be reconciled, if we but understood them!

To make us better acquainted with these interests is the object of the present pamphlet.—Its arrangement is not happy, for it appears to have been given to the public in the way in which it flowed from the author's pen.—Its stile has few pretensions to elegance or force, and is sometimes deficient even in the humbler merit of perspicuity; but it is in general plain, and it is always unaffected.—The matter is, in itself, highly valuable.—What it wants is order and condensation. In consequence of these defects, the impression on the reader's mind is much less prompt, and the conviction is less complete. Had the author been practised in composition, he might have made this inquiry an eloquent and triumphant appeal to his coun-

trymen, against the precipitate measures of the present ministry, for had he thought fit to decline the use of ornament in a subject of this kind, he might still have made his book a model of close reasoning, and irresistible argument; beginning with general principles, arranging his facts in their proper succession, and strengthening every allegation by an appeal to actual experience, he might, with such a volume of truth on his side, have made every page and every sentence tell against his antagonists. It is now, however, too late to regret what this work might have been:—we must be satisfied with it as it is, and while we are sorry that its imperfect execution will prevent it from being altogether so beneficial as it might have been, we have the substantial consolation, that it will still be useful to a great extent. The author's modesty will go a great way to make up for his want of energy, and any suspicions of his veracity as to facts, will be disarmed by the evident artlessness of the stile. Of this kind of suspicion, it seems that Mr. Baring was prepared to encounter a certain portion, as we find him guarding his reader against it in his preface. His business being, in a great measure, with the United States, it was natural that he should apprehend that the public would suspect him of pleading his own cause, while he advocated that of America; and against such a notion he opposes the important consideration, that the safety of Great Britain, in the preservation of which his fortune depends, must be the primary object to him, and to any other merchant circumstanced like himself.

He remarks, in the early part of his work, that the press has produced many writers in this country against the Americans, and hardly one in their favour. He ascribes this to the circumstance of our manufacturers, who are the great gainers by the American trade, being dispersed over the country, and in no situation to combine. Of the American merchants, the greatest number live at Liverpool, and their distance from the seat of government makes them naturally less active in their applications to ministers, than the merchants of the metropolis. Now, in the metropolis, the merchants connected with America are few in number, and are chiefly as bankers,—that is, the proceeds of American cargoes sold on the continent, are remitted to these London houses, and appropriated by them according to the directions of the American proprietors, and generally for the purchase of British manufactures.—We cannot imagine a more gainful traffic to the country than this. The remittances from the Continent to England, on account of American goods sold, were computed to exceed four or five millions a year.—This sum used to find its way even from Madrid and Paris, in spite of Bonaparte's tyrannical prohibitions. It kept up the duties of exchange, which would otherwise have been generally unfavourable to us; it lessened the scarcity of money, consequent on a state of war: it confirmed the credit of our paper currency,—all these advantages we have now relinquished. Our orders in council have destroyed the trade, and along with it the manifold advantages which it procured us.

Mr. Baring gives a short history of our principal orders in council, respecting the American trade, since the beginning of the last war with France. The first was dated in November, 1797, and directed our cruizers "to stop and detain, for lawful adjudication, all vessels laden with goods, the produce of any French colony, or carrying provisions or other supplies for the use of any such colony." This order, however, was soon recalled. A second proclamation in January, 1794, limited our seizures expressly to "such vessels as were laden with goods, the produce of the West India Islands, and coming directly from any parts of the said islands to Europe."—And this indulgence was further extended by a new order in January, 1798: these were the measures of last war. In the present war, no impediment took place till 1805, when Mr. Pitt determined to give an indirect aid to our own navigation, by throwing obstacles in the way of the neutral. The efficacy of this plan in raising the rate of neutral freight and insurance, was complete, but it excited the discontent of the Americans, and produced, as we have mentioned, the Non-importation Act.

The following extract contains some important information relative to the American trade.

"It becomes interesting to consider what "proportion our trade with America bears to "that of other countries, that we may form "some idea of the benefits to be derived from "the establishment of independent colonies, "and from the neutral state of those colonies, "if they may still be called so, in times of war. "As there is a disposition to value highly the "commercial benefits of our enemies, and to "consider them as losses to ourselves, I shall "also endeavour to shew what they are when "compared with our own. Such an estimate

" will give a general insight into the whol
" subject, and I am able to give it correctly
" from a very clear report made to Congres
" in 1806, previously to the passing of the Non-
" importation Act. This return is of the
" average of the three years, 1802, 1803, and
" 1804. The whole scale of imports and ex-
" ports have since increased, but there is no
" reason to suppose the proportions have varied.
" The figures I shall state in round sums, and
" in English money, taking the dollars at
" 4s. 6d.

" The amount of annual importa-
" tion into the United States
" from all parts of the world,
" was.....£.16,950,000

Including their Colonies.

" Of which, from the domi-
" nions of Great Britain.....8,093,000
" Holland, France, Spain,
" and Italy.....5,731,000
" Northern Powers, Prussia,
" and Germany.....1,956,000
" Portugal.....249,000
" China, and other Native
" Powers of Asia.....1,093,000
" All other Countries.....188,000

" £.16,950,000

" The value of the importations from the do-
" minions of Great Britain, was therefore equal
" to that from all the countries of Europe and
" their colonies together, including the sugar
" and coffee for their own consumption, and for
" exportation, which are almost exclusively
" furnished by those colonies.

" Of this value imported, manufactures of
" cotton, wool, silk, leather, glass, iron, paper,
" &c. constituted about £9,000,000, and came
" from the following countries:

" The dominions of Great Britain.£.6,845,000
" Russia.....280,000
" Germany, Sweden, and Denmark....550,000
" Holland.....255,000
" France.....275,000
" Spain, Portugal, and Italy.....270,000
" China.....525,000

" £.9,000,000

" Thus we see, that notwithstanding European
" manufactured articles are admitted from all
" countries at the same rate of duties, and al-
" though the balance of trade is in favour of
" America with the Continent, and against
" her with this country, yet that France does
" not furnish one twenty-fourth part, and all
" Europe collectively not one-fourth part of
" the amount imported from this country.

" The exports from America, on
" an average of the same years,
" amounted to.....£.15,400,000

" Of which, in domestic produce.....9,000,000
" In foreign produce re-exported..6,400,000
" They were distributed in the following
" manner:

" To the dominions of Great
" Britain.....£.5,200,000
" Viz. In Europe.£.3,525,000
" Asia.....29,000
" The West Indies...1,458,000
" North America.....188,000
" To the dominions of all the other
" European Powers.....10,200,000

" £.15,400,000

" The balance, which this statement would
" leave against America, must arise from the
" mode of stating the accounts. Probably it
" is in her favour, but not much, as her de-
" mand for European articles will naturally be
" regulated by her means of paying for them.

" The foreign produce re-exported, amount-
" ing to £6,400,000, consisted of the following
" articles, viz.:—

" Manufactured Goods £2,200,000
" Coffee.....1,695,000
" Sugar.....1,300,000
" All other articles.....1,205,000

£6,400,000

" The chief article, therefore, of re-export-
" tation, and of indirect trade, is the manufac-
" tures of Europe, three-fourths of which, it
" has been shewn, are from this country, and
" thus find their way to different parts of the
" world to which we have no access.

" From Great Britain and her de-
" pendencies we have seen,
" that America imports the
" value of.....£8,093,000
" That she exports to them.....5,200,000
" Leaving a balance in our fa-
" vour of.....£2,893,000

" which must be paid to us by the continent of
" Europe from the proceeds of consignments
" from America to Holland, France, Spain,
" Italy, &c. and which we know to be the case
" by the large remittances received from those
" countries for American account. If Ame-

" rica were excluded from all communication
" with the continent of Europe, she would not
" have the means of paying this surplus, but
" would be forced to confine her demand for
" our articles to what our consumption of her
" own would enable her to pay for."

We shall now take our leave of Mr. Baring, with expressing our solicitude, that circumstances may soon permit so valuable a trade to be restored to our merchants and manufacturers.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THIS display of British genius still attracts the attention of the fashionable amateurs, and is in general a crowded lounge.—We now resume our examination.

No. 60.—*Cæsar passing the Rubicon—From Lucan's Pharsalia.* R. WESTALL, R. A.

From its sameness of colour, and its execution, we should suppose it a study for a larger work; it is, however, sufficiently finished to be considered as a *picture*, and displays a correct and classical idea. The Spectre, or Genius of Rome, adheres closely to Lucan's description.

" The image of affrighted Rome,
" With count'nance sad through dusky night
appears,
" On her tow'r-bearing head, her hoary hairs
" Hung down all torn."———

The story, however, has been differently told by other authors, and even Lucan himself does not describe Cæsar as on horseback; for he expressly says,

" His hair's with horror raised, faintness de-
" tains
" His steps upon the bank.———

Though the severity of criticism calls for this observation, yet when we look at the *horse*, it is all forgotten; the sudden rearing of the animal is exquisitely managed, and his head turned from the object in affright, forms a good contrast with the steady determined look of the hero himself.

We would, however, wish to hint to Mr. Westall, that all reflected lights are less brilliant than the original one. Now as this vision happened midst the darkness of night, we are at a loss to account for the bright glow on the figures in the foreground, as the light can only proceed from the lurid glare encircling the spectre; besides, from the angle of incidence in which the rays must fall, the lights are too *broad* as well as glaring.

No. 160.—*Gray's Elegy.* W. COLLINS.

" Now fades the glimmering landscape on the
" sight,
" And all the air, a solemn stillness holds."

A landsape of a village church, in a flat uninteresting country; It contains, however, much variety, for we have the sombre shade of twilight, the last bright glow of sunset, and the silvery lights of a rising moon. Now, though the artist may have been an accurate observer of nature, we must confess that we have never seen the moon rising so near to the *west*, as that she could be represented on canvas *cheek by jowl* with poor departing Phœbus. In a Panorama, indeed, where you have *both sides* of the hemisphere, it *may* be possible.

We notice this extreme inaccuracy the more, because Mr. Collins, in No. 248, " A View of Castlebridge, in Surrey, with the Effect of a Shower," has shewn a degree of taste and discrimination, highly to his credit as a landscape painter. The shower drifted by the wind seems actually in motion; and the lucid obscurity in the back ground, as seen through the gloom, must strike every beholder with its correctness. The figures in the foreground are also well managed, and sufficiently indicative of their fears from the approaching shower.

No. 55.—*The Cottage Door*, H. THOMSON, R. A.

This picture does not at first attract attention, but on repeated examination becomes extremely interesting. It is a complete *repose*, and consists of a Cottage Girl, sitting at the door, with a squirrel in her lap to amuse her little Sister at her feet, whilst her brother, in

exact costume, stands listening by her side cutting a stick. The general relaxation of the boy, and the vacuity of his countenance, are admirably expressed, and the *toute ensemble* is a correct imitation of rural life. It is much against this picture, that it seems placed in a bad light; at least, from the arrangements in the apartment, it cannot be viewed to effect except at a considerable distance. This may, perhaps, be the reason why the foreground seems not to have sufficient relief, and may also account for its deficiency in attracting the attention of the visitors.

No. 141.—*Venus perfuming her hair, by* NOLLIKINS, R. A. *the idea taken from the Eneid.*

"*Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem*
"*spiravere.*"

This figure which is of white marble, and nearly of the size of life, resembles the Medicean Venus, except in the disposition of the arms; it is indeed a "fine form and without blemish," except over the left eye, where a blue vein in the marble excites the idea of an Amazon rather than a Venus. This, however, is the *misfortune*, not the *fault* of the sculptor. However the excellence of this figure may be admired, yet there is a something in its exhibition *here*, which deserves notice; in a morning lounge where the fair sex must be expected to assemble, there is something indelicate in a naked Venus, thus exposed to the view, and though the disciples of Wolstoncraft might look at those things unmoved, yet we do not wish to see our fair countrywomen placed in a situation, where they must either put on the unblushing stare of connoisseurship, or be quizzed for their prudery. In Statuary, we have two good subjects a little farther on,

Nos. 143 and 145.—The one, *Content*, as an honest industrious cobler, whose jolly countenance and attitude, sufficiently mark his character and occupation; the other, *Avarice*, a lean and haggard miser, sitting on his chest with his hoarded heaps before him. These are by C. ROSSI, R. A. and from their extreme *contrast* form two good *companions*. In the centre is a model of the lamented Nelson in terra cotta, which both in face and figure, is a good likeness; but there is a tameness in the attitude, which is not worthy the Hero of Trafalgar.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

Analysis.—The subject proposed.—Dedication.—Invocation.—Our first parent in paradise.—His happiness incomplete, till blessed with lovely woman.—Apostrophe.—Celibacy reproved, and its consequent misery pourtrayed. Apology for old maids.—The soldier's return.—Beauty inspires courage.—Its influence often despised by pedants and *learned* coxcombs.—Seduction reprobated.—Its victim an object of compassion.

THE power of beauty, and its pleasing force,
Man's greatest blessing, and his best resource,
To sooth his cares, his fierce desires controul,
Refine the heart, and harmonize the soul,
I sing—ye nymphs, your sweetest smiles prepare,
Attend,—all-beauteous dames, give ear ye *British* fair.
To thee, Maria, fairest of the train,
Whose matchless beauty first inspired the strain,
"To thee* whom choice and passion doth approve,"
The constant object of my earliest love;
To thee I dedicate this artless lay,
This humble tribute to thy worth I pay:
Be thou my muse—do thou the bard inspire,
To touch the subject with poetic fire.
Thine be the merit of each *nervous* line,
When weak or lowly, the disgrace be mine.
Plac'd by his Maker on fair Eden's bower,
No thought had man, no care beyond the hour.
Flowers of all hues, luxuriant round him sprung:
Above, the trees with golden clusters hung.
Each gentle gale ambrosial sweets convey'd,
Where groves of myrtle form'd a welcome shade;
The untill'd earth spontaneous food supplied,
And streams nectarious flow'd on every side.
When gentle sleep its sweet relief bestows,
Celestial music lull'd him to repose.
In roseate bowers he laid his peaceful head,
Where flowery roofs their richest odours shed.
Cherubs around, their nightly vigils kept,
And guardian angels watch'd him as he slept.
Yet midst these scenes so perfect, unalloy'd,
The heart still felt a melancholy void.

* Pope.

The hermit found, (tho' paradise his own)
" It was not good for man to be alone."
But still unconscious, for what boon he sigh'd.
Till heaven indulgent every want supplied.
His wondering eyes soon gaz'd on female charms,
And beauty " wooed him with expanded arms,"
Whilst ravished sense, and throbbing heart confest
This heaven's last gift---the noblest---purest,---best.
Hail, potent beauty, at whose magic shrine,
Prince, peasant, peer, cit, soldier, bard, divine,
Address their vows, their willing homage pay,
Confess their *bondage*, and adore thy sway.
A glance---e'en frozen age itself can charm,
Inflame the timid, and the brave disarm:
Smooth the sour look, relax the stoic's frown,
" And make this bitter pill of life go down."
Yet still there are whose hearts of stone deny,
The power of beauty, and its shafts defy,
Yes, wretches, apathists, unmov'd you view
Those social blessings ne'er reserv'd for you.
Those sweet endearments never can you prove,
Connubial fondness, and parental love;
Avaunt celibacy! Detested name,
Thou stain to manhood, and thy country's shame.
Shall man, proud man, a sacred law disown,
And live unsocial, for himself---alone.
And when, (for come it must) the hour draws nigh,
When joyous heirs await his final sigh,
When he must leave all hopes, all prospects here,
O say what scenes his latter end shall cheer.
No sorrowing offspring crowd around his bed,
No weeping spouse supports his drooping head:
No seraph's voice puts up the fervent pray'r
To heaven, and mildly begs acceptance there:
In no fond arms he yields his parting breath,
But sinks desponding to the shades of death.
A stranger's hand shall close his dying eyes,
He lived unblessed, and unlamented dies.
Here let me rescue from unjust disgrace,
Those hapless mortals of the female race,
Who when a few short years their lives invade,
Bear the opprobrious epithet---old maid.
O sad disgrace! to escape this hated name,
Has many a female trod the paths of shame.
This bitter taunt, this vile reproach t'avoid,
Wreck'd all her hopes, her future peace destroy'd:
For what? to shun what virtue needs not fear,
The fool's reviling, and the coxcomb's sneer.
But to its source this evil would we trace,
From man proceeds the stigma and disgrace.
Who, did he act his part by heav'n assigned,
Superfluous females never should we find.
With glory crown'd, the fruit of arduous toil,
The war-tir'd soldier seeks his native soil:
Yet 'midst the honours which await him there,
Those high rewards the brave alone can share:
Midst these delights which manly courage greet,
The smile of beaty is by far most sweet.
And whilst relating to some listening fair,
The toils and dangers he was doom'd to bear,
Oft as he speaks, enraptur'd he'll descry,
The tear of pity sparkling in her eye;
The precious drop exulting he'll receive,
And proudly glory in his armless sleeve;
Whilst British beauties, British valour fire,
Whilst British charms a British heart inspire,
In vain proud Gallia shall thy vengeance pour,
Thy countless myriads on this happy shore;
Insulted beauty whilst the cares are thine,
Tho' 'gainst him all the pow'rs of earth combine,
Firm and undaunted shall each hero stand,
Triumphant rise, or perish on the strand.
Let the dull pedant with scholastic pride,
Smile at this reasoning, and these truths deride.
Like Trojan dames, our females he would doom,
" To guide the spindle, and direct the loom;
" Bid them to *know* and *keep* their proper sphere,
" To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer."
Dogmatic disputant, thy thoughts how crude!
Bearish thy insolence, thy manners rude;
Spent is thy prime in literary must,
In *learned* ignorance, and college rust:
And when the joyous scenes of youth are fled,
Thoul't take thy scullion to thy nuptial bed:
Strew the dark passage of thy life with thorns,
Lament thy folly — — —
O spare him muse, O spare him, when a fate
Like this, and ridicule, the truth await;
But if an object of CONTEMPT *he* be,
How deeply sunk in infamy is he!
Who, deaf to nature's strongest, tenderest claim,
Can rob a woman of her dearest fame,
Whose heart than rock of adamant more hard,
Can spoil that virtue heav'n has bade him guard;
Invade domestic peace,—each fairest scene destroy,
A father's fondest hope,—a mother's only joy.

O mark, you fair, whose looks her guilt be-
speak,
Yet still the blush of virtue warms her cheek.
By blackest arts of treachery betray'd;
A villain's schemes undid the simple maid;
In one unguarded hour the "spoiler came,"
She thought him faithful, and she lost her
fame.

THE GUIDE,

OR VULCAN METAMORPHOSED.

MORTAL! hast grace sufficient giv'n
To know the ready road to heav'n?
If not, come quickly hither
That I may point thee out a way,
A fellow told me t'other day,
Led souls directly thither.

Hard by, thou'lt see a blacksmiths shop,
That serves on Sunday for a prop
To what is call'd a Meeting;
Below Old Vulcan forges chains,
Above upsets his hearers brains
With Methodistic cheating.

Last Sunday morning, strolling by,
Unconscious where, not knowing why,
I felt a *pious* motion
Impel my steps towards the shop,
And mounted to the very top,
Inspir'd with *true* devotion.

Enclos'd within a wooden case,
The Preacher stood with lengthen'd face,
Above the congregation:
He raving mad appear'd to be
They melancholy mad as he,
Preserv'd their gloomy station.

'Twas plain the fellow felt inspir'd
And, with religious ardour fir'd,
Believ'd himself a Teacher;
Nay, had he half the sterling sense
Of his unblushing impudence,
He then had made a Preacher.

Reader! the *Parson* here suppose,
Huge spectacles bestride his nose,
Or o'er his temples hanging;
Now lifting up his phrenzied eyes
With meaning big, or by surprise,
The sacred volume banging.

"My fellow offspring of the dust,
"Oh! let me *hammer* off the *rust*
"That constitutes your *vices*,
"Do not reject the *spark* of grace
"For Satan *forges* lies apace
"And ev'ry soul entices."

Such rhetorick might have effect
With those comprising the *elect*;
Indeed, it seemed composing;
For though a few were yawning wide,
With truth it cannot be denied,
The greater part were dozing.

Amen announced the sermon o'er,
I, nothing wiser than before,
Still failing of conviction,
Took up my hat to walk away,
When Vulcan gravely bade me stay,
To hear his benediction!!!

Dulwich, Feb. 4, 1808. *G. R. Robinson.*

ON THE
DEATH OF A DARLING CHILD,

12TH NOVEMBER, 1807.

"The wintry blasts of Death, kill not the buds
"of virtue."
THOMSON.

PARENTS! your dear lov'd child is gone
To bliss beyond the skies;
To flourish in immortal youth,
Where goodness never dies.

There with the blest in better climes,
To tune Seraphic lays,
The crimson embryo shall unfold
In uncreated rays.

See Virtue waves her lilly hand,
And beckons him above,
To realms of never fading joys,
And sweets eternal prove.

Raise thy fixt eye to scenes like these,
From Heav'n thy comforts come;
The sweet babe has but gone before,
To greet thy welcome home.

* * *

Hope cheers the glimm'ring taper's ray,
When life draws near an end;
On dove-like wings peace hovers nigh,
And Heaven's soft dews descend.

J. Magm.

LINES

ADDRESSED FROM A SON TO HIS MOTHER, WHO LABOURED UNDER A DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS.

COMPOSE these sad looks, and that heart full of sorrow,
O, suppress these emotions that swell thy sad breast;

From Religion and Hope's soothing influence borrow
That charm which can hush all thy sorrows to rest.

O Mother! attend to the voice of affection;
'Tis thy Son who entreats, let him ask not in vain,
Why, why, thus indulge the soul harrowing reflection,
That thy sunshine of peace can ne'er brighten again.

Shall the treach'ry of friends, the worlds censures distress thee!
Ah! no, let them never disturb thy repose,
Banish far from thy bosom those phantoms that vex thee,
Nor waste thy sad days, in thy self-fancied woes.

Why that sigh, my poor Mother—that look of distraction,
Let Misfortune surround thee, the world cruel prove,
Let their malice assail thee with blackest detraction,
Still, these arms will receive thee with filial love.

CHARLES L.

EPIGRAM.

IN REPLY TO OLD NICK'S ADDRESS TO A LITTLE LADY, IN THE MAGAZINE OF FEBRUARY.

ALTHOUGH to steal my LITTLE heart,
You strive, and fain would trick it;—
Yet I'm aware of all your art,
And you shall never *Nick* it!

OBERON.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE THEATRES.

DRURY LANE.

On Tuesday, the 1st of March, was produced a farce, called *In and out of Tune*. The idea of this afterpiece, as far as it may be said to contain any idea at all, is, that of a man *disconcerted* by *concert*—a person who having little taste for any pursuits but those of the law, is perpetually flying into a passion with his family, for the musical mania that is epidemic in his house. A young officer is introduced under the pretence of professional business in an assumed character: he makes an assignation with the old lawyer's daughter, and goes off with her at night, during a concert, given by her mamma. She has a Scotch lady for her friend, who appear to be Scotch, only that Miss Duncan, who represents the character, may have an opportunity of shewing her skill in the northern accent; and there is a Jew, who seems to have been introduced chiefly for the purpose of strengthening the play bill with Mr. Wewitzer's name. Mr. Johnstone plays an Irish servant, and sings an indecorous song, which ought never to have been admitted at all, and, of course, is always encored. We are sorry to see so good an actor made a stalking-horse for obscenity; and sorry are we to see, that obscenity, which heretofore was the drawback on wit, is by a modern author made the sole relief of dulness. It was bad enough to take such an evil with a large portion of merit; but when this evil becomes itself the virtue which is to redeem a good-for nothing mass, we think it high time for all decent people to exclaim. We could not have laughed at this farce, because there was nothing in it whimsical; but, at least, we should not have been disgusted, if there had been nothing in it indecent.

A Mr. Lawler is said to have been the original author of a piece on this subject, and some of the newspapers have declared it was from him that Mr. Cherry took the notions, which have been brought together in the shape of the present farce. At any rate Mr. Cherry is the reputed author of *In and out of Tune*; nor do we think it worth while for Mr. Lawler to contend with him for such a reputation.

We have long determined to abstain from all general invective against the literary powers of Mr. Cherry, because our observations have been ascribed to personal malice—because, upon mature reflection, we have not been able to convince ourselves that a critic has any right to speak of the capabilities or concerns of an author beyond the pieces which are the subjects of criticism—and because we have per-

reived that no admonition, either friendly or hostile, in any paper ever published, or all put together, has ever produced an improvement in the dramatic works of Mr. Cherry. But we have a right to say, and unequivocally we do say it, that this farce is, in our opinion, a very poor production. We have a right, as members of that body of the public to whom Mr. Cherry so frequently applies for encouragement and fame, to declare, that encouragement is not deserved by such farces as these—that fame is not due to the authors of such farces, whether they be original, or taken from contemporary writers. Certainly the public may justly expect, that not only Mr. Cherry, but *all* his brethren shall forbear from working the mines that other people have discovered—and even if those mines be mines of base metal, yet every author is not a Midas, whose touch can convert rubbish into gold, though many an author is a Midas, whose ears bear the mark of Apollo's revenge. The farce has already ceased to appear.

There is nothing else yet at Drury Lane, particularly requiring our notice; but before this Magazine shall be published, a new comedy will probably have been acted there. It is already in rehearsal, and Mr. Kenney, the ingenious author of *Raising the Wind*, *Ella Rosenberg*, *Matrimony*, and *False Alarms*, is the writer from whose pen it has flowed. A *Ballet d'Action* is in preparation, which is said to be the work of Mr. T. Sheridan. Mr. Cumberland has an opera forthcoming, which will be called *Sheva of Mogadore*. The comedy which was accepted from Mr. Lee, of Dartford, has been withdrawn from the theatre; and we understand that the piece of Mr. Theodore Hook has been rejected by the Managers, because that young author is supposed to have made unfair attacks on theatrical people in a Monthly Work, called *The Satirist*, of which he has been so rash as to become a Proprietor.

Mr. Spencer, from whose accession to the theatre we had hoped so much, has broken off his treaty for the Management, and it is understood that Mr. T. Sheridan will, in future, be the judge, who must accept or reject a play. From his well known abilities we may reasonably entertain hopes of an improvement in administration.

COVENT GARDEN.

At Covent Garden, on the 25th of February, appeared the farce of *Who Wins? or the Widow's Choice*; a piece which had laid long in the theatre, but of which Mr. Allingham has not long avowed himself the author. The principal characters of this piece are thus cast:

Matthew Mole,.....Mr. Simmons.
Extempore,.....Mr. Fawcett.
Caper,.....Mr. Liston.
The Widow Bellair,.....Mrs. C. Kemble.
Miss Serena Softly,.....Mrs. Liston.

For the fable we refer our readers to the *Dramatic Memoirs* and *Criticisms* in another part of our work; on the merits of the piece we have now to subjoin a few words.

This farce is taken from the French; and is exactly on the same plan with *Love à la Mode*, *The Son-in-Law*, *The Virgin Unmasked*, and several other pieces in which the audience is amused with striking contrasts or varying whimsicalities, in the characters of different people assembled to make love to an heiress. The incidents here are exceedingly comic; they have not that probability of real nature, which we expect in a comedy; but they have that kind of admitted probability which does exceedingly well for a farce. For probability is a relative term, and has different meanings when applied to different things. The transformation of an apple into a diamond is very probable in a fairy tale, though quite impossible in the nature of things; and a gentleman in a farce may fall in love, woo, and be married, all in five minutes, without infraction of probability, though hearts are not lost nor heiresses won quite so quickly in the course of society.

Of Mr. Liston's excellence in the part of *Caper*, we have spoken in the criticism which follows his life. Mr. Fawcett, who represents the rival character of *Extempore*, is not entitled to an equal share of panegyric. He plays with the air of a man totally indifferent to his part; and instead of making new effects for his author, which he certainly has genius to do, he weakens the effects which seem to be already in the character. Mr. Liston's part is undoubtedly the more striking of the two, but Mr. Fawcett's is not a bad one: and though nobody can think more highly of Mr. Fawcett's talents than we do, yet we cannot conceive it right, that he shall take no pains with a character, because he may not think it the best in the piece. All the first actors should have principal parts in turn; and surely Mr. Fawcett has his fair proportion. He may possibly have mistaken the reasons of his failure on this occasion; but such is the idea which his manner must give to every body who is conversant with a theatre. We know it is not for want of genius that Mr. Fawcett plays

this part amiss; and therefore we naturally conclude that it is from want of inclination.—This is not fair to the public.

Mrs. C. Kemble raises the part of the *Widow* to a consequence which perhaps nobody else could have given it. How can we praise an actress more, than by saying that she makes a good part of a bad one?

On the 10th of the month, Mr. Cooke, who, for some months, has been absent from London, made his first appearance for this season, as *Sir Pertinax Macsycophant*, in Macklin's comedy of *The Man of the World*. We shall not here enter into a detailed statement of the causes which may have occasioned his confinement in the country—suffice it to say, that the law, which proceeds upon *regular* principles, and is therefore very hostile to genius, which almost always proceeds *irregularly*, has for a long time detained Mr. Cooke from his professional duties. He was received with the loudest and longest applause, and it was evident that rustication had spread no dull mould upon his mind. Among the very few perfect performances which are now to be found upon the stage, must unquestionably be ranked the *Sir Pertinax* of Mr. Cooke. All the fawning meanness which prejudice ascribes to the characters of the Scotch, and all the real talent which candour admires in their minds, all the insolence of the purse-proud *parvenu*, and all the policy of an accomplished courtier, were as admirably pourtrayed by Mr. Cooke on this as on any former occasion. After having said that this performance may be classed among the few perfect pieces of acting, we, of course, have it not in our power to diversify our criticism by pointing out any defects; and however the new system of writing may increase its profits by severity, we always feel ourselves most happy, when we can speak in terms of unqualified praise.

That happiness, however, will not attend us in discussing the merits of Mrs. Henry Johnston, who played *Lady Rodolpha Lumbercourt*. She was received with tumults of applause by the majority of the audience; and though some few murmurers ventured to swim against the stream of general favour, they were the

"—— *Rari nantes in gurgite vasto,*"

Perhaps the people have no right to meddle in the private affairs of those who are employed only to amuse them in public; but we cannot approve of the conduct of the Proprietors in re-engaging Mrs. H. Johnston, because we think her exceedingly deficient both in the genius and the science of her profession.—The motives of these gentlemen can have been no other than a consideration of the attraction which was likely to be acquired for their theatre, by the unlucky reports of which Mrs. Johnston has been the subject. Now it may be very well worth the while of a milliner or a pastry-cook, to engage a girl who does not understand the rolling either of ribbands or of paste, if her beauty be likely to bring custom to the shop; but surely the Proprietors of a London theatre ought not to obtrude a bad actress on the public, merely because she happens to have a fortunate face and an unfortunate character.

Mrs. Henry Johnston does not act *Lady Rodolpha* at all like an Earl's daughter. She swings her arms, and sharpens her voice, in a style much more nearly approaching to the manner of a dairy-maid talking as she carries her pails, than to that of a well-bred woman. Now a lady who plays thus may be very like what some women of fashion are in real life; but will never be at all like what women of fashion ought to be upon the stage.

On Monday evening, the 14th of March, Mr. Cooke performed the character of *Gloucester*, in Shakespeare's *King Richard the Third*. It was in *Richard* that he originally stamped his reputation with the public; and he is still as popular in the representation of this tragic hero, as even in his admirable performance of *Sir Pertinax Macsycophant*, *The Man of the World*.

But the popularity of an actor is frequently as little deserved as the popularity of a statesman or of a beauty: accident often begins, and fashion continues it. It therefore becomes the business of those who undertake the duties of public admonition, to investigate with accuracy the claims of all who possess or seek the favour of the world: in order that some records at least may subsist, which shall prove to another generation that fashion even when general was not absolute among us—and which, like sea-marks, shall serve, when the flood has retired, to designate the boundaries appointed by nature.

The part of *Gloucester*, afterwards *Richard the Third*, is one which almost all actors in the first walk of tragedy have endeavoured to represent; and it appears to have been one in which but few of them have succeeded. The play, as it is now acted, may almost be considered a monodrame: and perhaps it is the singular prominence of *Richard's* character that has tempted so many men to essay its personation. But this projection from the canvas may be as dangerous for a performer of ordinary ca-

dowments, as it is glorious for an actor of powerful genius: for all here depends on the exertions of one individual. The play has no relief, from comic interspersions, or from contrasts of character—*Richard* is the only portrait whose outlines are filled up, the only figure on whom the eye is permitted to dwell. Nor has Shakspeare diversified the disposition of his hero with any of those softer emotions which allow to the actor an interval of relaxation; so that he who undertakes to play *Richard the Third*, must brace his nerves to the highest tension, and having once brought himself to the requisite pitch, must immoveably

"Screw his courage to the sticking place."

The subordinate characters are all thrown back at too great a distance to assist the efforts of the principal actor, or diminish the effect of his failure. He ventures on a wide water: if his strength will enable him to swim across it, he indeed will attain the desired shore: but if his powers are too weak to bear him over by one uninterrupted exertion, he must sink, without hope, because his comrades are remote, and without pity, because his danger has been voluntary.

But, however, the ambition of actors may have induced them to delight in *performing King Richard*, it is difficult, at a first view to perceive upon what principle the people have delighted in *witnessing those performances*. A little consideration will enable us to discover the springs of intellectual satisfaction that have been touched by Shakespeare in the play of which we are speaking: and the subject is very well worthy of attention, as affording a study of the human mind, and an exercise for those whose theatrical taste may induce them to investigate the metaphysics of some more of Shakespeare's heroes: since the same general principles, under different modifications, may be applied to the characters of *Macbeth*, *Iago*, and several other conspicuous persons of the drama.

It is not our business here, to consider how far Shakespeare may have agreed with historical truth in delineating his *Richard the Third*; for even if Lord Orford's ingenious defence of that Prince be admitted as conclusive, the duty of an actor will still be to represent the *Richard* of Shakespeare, not the Richard of old Chronicles—and the duty of a critic will therefore be to inquire why Shakespeare's *Richard* has afforded pleasure in representation, not how Shakespeare might have modelled a Richard from history.

The pleasure experienced in the representation of this play certainly does not arise from its *plot and incidents*. For the plot in general, like that of Shakespeare's other plays of the same class, is rather a history in dialogue than a dramatic fable: and the individual incidents, though they most of them tend to the elevation, or prepare the downfall, of the principal character, yet by no means possess that mutual dependence, connection, and climax, which are necessary for giving powerful interest to a play. As to the *poetry*, however beautiful it may be, every novice in a Theatre is well aware that fine writing alone will never make a tragedy popular in England: so that the pleasure that is felt at the performance of this piece must result from *character and situation*. The situations are not numerous, but they are generally well adapted to the developement of character: and what is the nature of the gratification here produced by character, we will therefore proceed to consider.

From a mere delineation of atrocious vice, no sort of pleasure arises to the spectator: disgust and horror alone pervade his mind: and when a personage of *unmixed evil* is represented on the stage, the pleasure experienced by the audience at the play, in which such a personage is found (as far as their pleasure proceeds from the portraiture of character) is usually produced by the striking contrast of some good and injured being. Then the disagreeable emotions occasioned by vice are converted into a pleasing sensation by the opposition of virtue: and the shadows which, if unrelieved, would have struck a frightful gloom upon our vision, become beautiful by an artful juxta-position of light. But in the play of *Richard the Third* there is no character that forms a contrast with the bloody villainy of *Gloucester*—several of the subordinate parts are now completely omitted on the stage—and among those that remain it is difficult to find one which strongly excites or prolongs our sympathy. A scene is introduced from the third part of *King Henry the Sixth*, probably for the purpose of producing an interest: but nobody cares about the murder of *Henry*, or the sorrows of *Lady Anne*. For *Buckingham* and *Stanley* there is little anxiety: and *King Edward's widow* with her children, and the *Royal Duchess of York*, are heard without much solicitude. *Richmond* himself, who may perhaps be called the hero of the piece, is not introduced till the fifth act: and then is seen in so general and indefinite a character, that if he carry the audience along with him he

pleases, not by his own intrinsic merits, but the circumstance of his contention with *Richard*.

In this single character of *Richard*, then, and in the situations that display him, the whole charm of this tragedy appears to consist; and yet in this character deformity of person is added to every vice that can disgrace the human heart; and there must be something in the portrait which goes *beyond the mere delineation of vice*, or the *unmixed evil* of the object represented would necessarily revolt, instead of pleasing us. But as that something cannot consist in any *moral virtue*, it is to be sought in an *intellectual merit*; and thus, after an analysis of our own sensations, it appears, that when we feel a pleasure in contemplating the character of *Richard*, this pleasure must arise *chiefly* from our admiration of his *extraordinary talents and undaunted courage*; qualities which have something in them so commanding, and so awful, that he who possesses them can never inspire us with disgust or contempt, however he may fill us with indignation. We have said, that our pleasure must arise *chiefly* from our admiration of his intellectual qualities; because, through four acts of the tragedy, there is no *other* feeling that takes decided possession of our minds; but, in the fifth act, we have a new source of gratification, in the *prospect of that punishment*, which, throughout the whole play, we have longed to see the usurper undergo. His courage and his wisdom, rising with the danger of his situation, render the event of the play still doubtful, and the ultimate satisfaction of our indignant justice affords an agreeable reflection when the curtain has fallen.

If such be the character, and such the causes which give effect to the character of *Richard the Third*, an actor who plays this part should not only display the atrocity of the usurper's disposition, but also, in order to satisfy persons of good taste, *give the greatest possible force to the qualities calculated to produce pleasant impressions*, and exhibit, to the utmost advantage, the wisdom and gallantry with which Shakspeare has invested his hero.

But Mr. Cooke acts only one portion of *Richard's* character—namely, the deep malignity which appears, when reserve does not happen to be necessary. All that hypocritical villany, which should *look like* virtue, all that flattering falshood which should *pass for* attachment, are so broadly depicted by him, that it is impossible to fancy anybody could be deceived, with so palpable a cheat. The *real* excellencies, too, which exist in the mind of *Richard* are so coarsely described by the face and gesture of this actor, that the politician's prudence seems wretched cunning, the dignity of the prince appears the arrogance of an upstart, and the courage of the warrior has the air of awkward desperation. In fact, Mr. Cooke has not been calculated, by nature, for heroic expression: his conceptions are not lofty, and even if they were, his face, his figure, and his deportment, would be inadequate to give them due effect.

We shall conclude this article by pointing out two or three passages as examples of Mr. Cooke's deficiency, and by recording those instances in which he appeared to us to be most successful. We have said that his hypocrisy was too palpable: and this opinion may be proved by one of the very points at which he gains the greatest applause from the undiscerning part of the audience. *Richard* being accosted by a Lieutenant, answers him sharply; but on hearing the officer's errand, is anxious to treat him with civility:

"*Lieut.* My Lord, I beg your grace—

"*Glost.* Begone, fellow! I am not at leisure.

"*Lieut.* My Lord, the king your brother's taken ill.

"*Glost.* I'll wait on him: leave me, friend."

In delivering these last words Mr. Cooke's manner becomes, not civil, but servile; and a *Lieutenant*, to whom the *Duke of Gloucester*, after so rude a commencement, should have made a low bow and assumed an humble tone, must have either imagined his Grace to be mocking, or discovered him to be cheating.

In the same manner throughout the scene with *Lady Anne*, Mr. Cook's humility has the effect of a sneer. It is impossible, that even that weak woman could have been deceived by eyes so awkwardly disguised. And the whole manner of his suit is totally devoid of that tenderness which is so necessary for success among women, and which one expects from a man who has

"A tongue shall wheedle with the devil."

There is a beautiful soliloquy in the third act, concluding thus:

"Why then shall after ages think my deeds
"Inhuman? since my worst are but ambition.
"E'en all mankind to some lov'd ills incline:
"Great men choose greater sins, ambition's
"mine."

This Mr. Cooke delivers with such an unfortunate littleness, that he makes the last line

actually seem a satire on his own conception.

The same want of grandeur, indeed, is apparent through his whole performance, and most particularly in the last act; where the greater passions and the greater powers of *Richard's* mind are all called forth.

The lines to which he gives the greatest effect are these:

Richard (proposing to Buckingham the murder of the Princes.)

" Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull.
" Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead,
" And I would have it suddenly performed—
" Now, cousin, can'st thou answer me?

Richard, (answering Buckingham, who requests the performance of a promise) I'm busy—thou troublest me—I'm not i'th vein.

Richard.—I can smile, and murder while I smile.

All these passages, and particularly the last, are conceived and uttered in the true spirit of a great actor. There are some others for which Mr. Cooke deserves commendation; but these exhibit the strongest marks of his genius.

Upon the whole then we conceive, that the talents of Mr. Cooke, powerful as they unquestionably are, do not adapt him for the performance of *King Richard the Third*. The praise we have bestowed on his *Macsycophant* does not preclude us from disapproving his *Gloster*; for we have felt too much pleasure from his merits, to be insensible to his defects.

A dance called *The Highland Laddie*, was produced a few nights ago, and has since been several times repeated between the play and farce; but we have not discovered in it anything worthy of particular praise.

The English opera is a species of amusement, which, though it combines more advantages than any other regular class of the drama, has nevertheless made the smallest advances towards perfection. Its natural and inherent inconsistency is its only objection: but as that objection has been waved by the public, who are content to hear songs introduced when singing must be impossible, the opera is become a kind of drama as much established as tragedy or comedy. But whatever resources of pathos may subsist in tragedy, whatever benefits of gaiety may be found in comedy, whatever accommodations for poetical unskilfulness may be met in either, all, exist [in the opera as it is now constituted. For an opera is a mixed entertainment, which may contain indiscriminately pathetic and comic scenes—which may avail itself of all the pomp and circumstance of machinery and decoration—which, while it may appeal to the head and the heart, may also retain in its service the important assistance of the ear. It might naturally have been expected then, that the English opera, possessing thus all the credit of genius, and all the convenience of indolence, would become the most perfect sort of theatrical representation. But we see no such effect; and there is not upon the stage a single opera which deserves to hold the same rank its own sphere that the *School for Scandal* occupies as a comedy. The *Beggar's Opera* is a work of genius, but by no means a regular play; and *Love in a Village* is a regular play, but by no means a work of genius. The operas of the present day have neither regularity nor genius; and it continues to be a matter of regret that no piece has yet been produced which may delight at once our musical and our critical taste, and set aside Lord Chesterfield's sly Epigram,

An opera, like a pillory, may be said
To nail our ears down, and expose our head.

It is urged by modern authors, that in these times, when the music has become the principal object, there is a necessity for giving the first parts to the first singers: and that as singers seldom or never know any thing of acting, it is useless to write good plays or good parts. We deny the necessity of giving the first parts to the singers. An Opera might be constituted, as many Comedies have been, of two divisions; for if a Comedy may contain at once a serious interest and a comic story, surely an Opera may combine two divisions, one musical and one dramatic. Then we might see good actors in the chief dramatic parts, with good singers in the chief musical parts, and every class of the audience would go away satisfied. An attempt of this kind was made in an Opera called *Peter the Great*; but the piece had no success, for the music was not particularly good, and the dialogue was particularly bad. However this is no reason why we should not see a good play on this plan: and we must think that nothing but the unfair partialities of Proprietors can have hitherto prevented the performance of some such Opera. But these gentlemen, even in their chace of emolument, are often turned aside by private influence; and while merit is overlooked or repulsed by the literary judges of the theatre, a play is perpetually accepted because its Author is acquainted with some person high in the government. Thus misruled is the domain of the drama; its cultivators impart the juices of the soil to gaudy blossoms

and tall stalks that stare in all the impudence of flaunting vulgarity; while the modest flowers that form the proper ornament of the garden, must spring spontaneously or not at all, and perhaps perish under foot before they bloom!

We have a striking example of their want of judgment in the revival of Mr. Bate Dudley's Opera of *The Travellers in Switzerland*. This piece abounds, not in *character*, for it has none, but certainly in *characters*, for it comprehends almost all the establishment of the Theatre. It has, probably, some sort of plot; but it is difficult to discover the affairs of the parties, till the end of the third act, when a discerning spectator may perceive by the relative positions of the actors, which of the ladies and gentlemen entertain any matrimonial views. Perhaps the Proprietors may think that the dialogue has jokes; but we confess that we could perceive no joke in the play itself, and certainly there is no joke in sitting to see it. In short, it appears to have no merit but its music: or, in the Irish phrase, the best part of the venison is the currant jelly. But is it not disgraceful, that such a genius as that of Mr. Shield should ever have been employed upon such a piece? Is it fit that the play should be but the appendage of the music, and that dialogue should float down the stream only when the fiddles have strength enough to tow it after them? The Proprietors who couple pieces like *The Travellers in Switzerland*, and *Two Faces under a Hood*, with the compositions of such a master as Mr. Shield, can be compared only to the tyrant in the Æneid, who procured putrescent carcases, and fastened them to the bodies of the living!

We have no positive intelligence of any novelties beyond those already announced: among which are a new comic Melodrama, and if certain whispers tell us true, a farce from Mr. Reynolds. Mr. Morton, it is said, has a comedy; but we understand it is not completely fit for the stage. Shakspeare's play of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* is in preparation.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS,

FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH, 1808.

FOREIGN POLITICS.

SWEDEN.—The situation of Sweden, is at this moment extremely critical, as she is placed as it were between two fires; the Russians advancing on the side of Finland, and the French pouring their troops into Denmark under the command of Bernadotte, under the *avowed* pretence of making an attack from the island of Zealand. The beginning of the month, brought us the Russian declaration, a document which even in this age of wonders, has excited some surprise, as most of the acts recited in it as offensive to Russia, are those very acts in which she herself so lately took a part; Alexander however seems to have learnt a new lesson, and has made a *debut* in a new character, no doubt much to the satisfaction of the *manager*, though with very little chance of general applause. The declaration has been followed up by the irruption of a Russian army into Finland, under Buxhovden, who in addition to the force of arms, has descended to excite the poor Finlanders to rebellion by promising them *Liberty*, and to bribe the Swedish soldiers by offering them some pitiful sums for their arms and horses! —This declaration has been answered by Sweden in a plain, energetic, and argumentative style, but which are words against the *ultima ratio regum*? Our latest advices state that an action has taken place at Tawastchu, in the South of Finland, in which the Russians have lost 5000 men, whilst the Swedes have only lost 1100, the latter were however obliged to retreat, and it is to be feared that Buxhovden must soon overrun that province, — still however *Sweden* herself is secure on that side, unless Russia should have the command by sea; as a march round the Gulph of Bothnia, is scarcely practicable for an invading army.

On the side of Denmark, her danger is less, as the ice is broken up, and the British Squadron on that Station, together with their own fleet, may now watch the operations of the French army, and it is to be hoped, they will soon have the assistance of a powerful British fleet, so as completely to preserve the Command of the Baltic.

The subsidy from this country will enable his Swedish Majesty to bring his troops into the field in good time, but it must be entirely a War of Defence on his part, unless indeed that he could get possession of the Southern parts of Norway, which would enable him to keep a severe check on the Danes. It was at first

expected that we should have sent troops as well as ships to the defence of Sweden; that measure however seems very properly abandoned, as no number of troops which we *could* send would add sufficiently to the force of his Swedish Majesty, if his own army is inadequate.

DENMARK.—The recent death of the Danish Monarch, (though in happier times, it would have been productive of a little alteration) may now hasten the fate of this unfortunate Country. Under pretence of invading Sweden, an immense French army has already entered Holstein, and is pushing on to occupy her whole line of Coast on the Baltic, and this temporary vacancy on the Throne, may tempt the modern King Maker to take the future arrangements in his own hands; it may not, perhaps, be his policy to act thus immediately, but the similarity of his conduct *hitherto* to Portugal and Denmark, leaves but little hope of his forbearance when Copenhagen shall have a French garrison.—The Danes have been very active during the last month in recruiting their navy, by the purchase of some East Indiamen, and the fitting out of gun boats; these, however, will be of little avail, as the opening of the Sound, will not only give entrance to our squadrons, but will also enable the Swedish navy, in which there are many armed gallies to co-operate with us, in an active warfare among their Islands.

GERMANY.—This month has afforded but little novelty in this part of Europe. Prussia with her diminished means is attempting some reform in her army; but *cui bono*? and Austria, now completely at the feet of France and Russia, is patiently waiting for her share of the spoil of the Turkish Empire. The troops of the Confederation, are again in motion; they are designed for Dalmatia and she *must* keep her temper, under all the circumstances of the French and German armies marching through her territory.

In ITALY, a new order of things seems likely to arise; the French troops have taken possession of the Papal territory; and King Joseph with his army now threatens Sicily with an attack under the protection of the combined French and Spanish squadrons. The reduction of our army in Sicily will faciliate these measures, unless our Squadron should be enabled to prevent the junction of these fleets. 'Tis to our superiority on the sea, that we must look for the preservation of Sicily, though we must still lament that some circumstances not yet explained, have drawn our troops from that island for no ostensible cause whatever.

SPAIN has so long been the humble slave of France, that any change which Bonaparte may please to make, will have little effect on the general affairs of Europe; it is notwithstanding a matter of serious regret, to see her best troops drawn into Germany, under pretence of aiding the allied armies, whilst immense detachments of French troops are taking possession of her fairest cities, and that too accompanied by circumstances of great atrocity, if we are to credit some late accounts. The taking military possession of Portugal, and the proposed attack on Gibraltar, have afforded an excuse for this; the much-talked-of visit of the French Emperor to Vallodolid, shews evidently, that these things are merely the ostensible causes of movements which the "fulness of time" will take a different direction.

FRANCE, after wading through seas of blood, is now returning rapidly to the old regime, under the new dynasty; and the reintroduction of nobility, both personal and hereditary, into that country, has given the dying blow to the almost forgotten doctrine of equality. As it has been the policy of the new Emperor, to bring round his person some of the old families, so we may expect that *they* will be *restored* to their ancient dignity amongst the rest, though not, perhaps, to their ancient *titles*; that would, perhaps tend to excite new hopes in those who are at present quiescent under their deprivations, he will therefore be careful to check these hopes, until a new generation, educated on the new plan, shall arise in the places of their fathers, and who will therefore be less liable to be prompted by old affections, or biassed by old prejudices.

As to any effects as yet resulting from our Orders in Council operating on the interior of France, we can say but little, as the means taken to prevent communication prevent us from hearing any news which can be depended on. The strictness of this prohibition, even going so far as to prevent the Prussian Ambassador from landing at Calais, has given rise to much conjecture, and to many unfounded reports.

The political horizon in the west, seems now to brighten up a little, and we would hope, that a steady line of conduct, firm, yet conciliatory, may prevent a rupture with our transatlantic brethren. The late advices from AMERICA, give us little but conjecture respecting the intentions of that government, however it appears that some modification of the embargo has taken place; slight indeed in itself, but still we hope proving that the irritation against

this country may speedily subside. We are not disposed exactly to quarrel with America, for being more friendly towards France than England; it is not surprizing that the hostile sentiments arising from civil commotion should not yet be worn off, yet still we are convinced that it is no less the interest of America than of England to be on friendly terms; and as the prosperity of America must be conducive to the welfare of England, we should be happy could she preserve her commercial intercourse with us, without giving offence to her *quondam* ally.

DOMESTIC POLITICS.

The escape of the Rochefort squadron, at first supposed for the West Indies, appears now to have been part of an extensive scheme, for a junction with the Toulon and Carthagena fleets; and thus acquiring a temporary superiority in the Mediterranean; this junction, however, we have reason to believe is not now easily practicable, as we have three separate squadrons there, and it appears that the Carthagena ships had been obliged to put into Majorca during a gale. The operations of the next six weeks in that sea, will doubtless be of great importance, and will lead to the most interesting results; we fear not for fresh laurels to our navy, who of late have had little opportunity of meeting an enemy except when they seek him out, under his own batteries; and of this species of warfare, we have lately had some brilliant *coups de main*, particularly in the late affair of the Emerald in Vivero Bay.

The public attention at home has been little excited except by some petitions *for* peace, and *against* the Orders in Council. The former of these are not very numerous, and in general contain a few abstract propositions on the horrors of war, and the blessings of peace. In reading these petitions we are fully disposed to join in a wish for peace, as we feel it *essential* to our best interest, though not absolutely *necessary*; but yet we must still feel that an eagerness on our part for the blessing, is not the mode of obtaining such an one, as we could subscribe to for present honour, and future security. This seems to be the general impression of *all Parties*, though some few individuals in each House, have gone a little farther in their speeches; however, as whatever may be our opinion of a Ministry, we still feel that jealous regard for the Constitution, as to wish for an opposition, we cannot quarrel with those whose sentiments may go rather farther than our own.

The long easterly winds have prevented our squadrons, designed for the Baltic, from sailing; but it is now evident, that it is not intended to send any troops to the assistance of his Swedish Majesty, although it has been rumoured that the two fleets when joined are to make an attack on the Russian navy, at Cronstadt. The difficulty, and perhaps the inutility of such an attempt, will however prevent its being tried, and part of our fleet may be more usefully employed in preventing the passage of Russian troops over the Gulph of Bothnia.

PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

On Tuesday, March 1st, the Ten Millions Exchequer Bills Bill was passed; and the House proceeded to the order of the day, to take into consideration his Majesty's Message respecting the Pension to Lord Lake—Lord Hawkesbury rose and entered into a general view of the military services of his Lordship, and concluded with moving an Address assuring his Majesty that they would concur in giving effect to his Majesty's gracious Message. The motion was agreed to *nem. con.*

Lord Lauderdale rose to move the second reading of the Place Reversion Bill; after some objections from Lord Arden, and an assurance from the Lord Chancellor, that he would support the motion, but only on an understanding that it should be fully discussed and modified in the Committee, the House divided on the question, which was carried by a majority of 8.

On Thursday the 3d of March, Lord Derby presented a Petition from some Merchants of Liverpool, against the Orders in Council, and Lord Erskine postponed his Resolutions on that subject, until the next week.

Lord Darnley next moved his promised Address to his Majesty respecting the justice and morality of the attack on Copenhagen; this was opposed by Lord Elliott, and after some observations from Lord Holland, was negatived by a majority of 59.

Friday, March 4th, was taken up merely by some routine business of the House; but on Monday the 7th, Lord Sidmouth inquired what was to be done with the Danish ships and crews detained previous to the Declaration of War, at the same time stating that he understood the value of the property amounted to two millions sterling. To this Lord Hawkesbury answered that the ships and cargoes were to be treated as in similar instances, and the crews to be prisoners of war; his Lordship further informed the House, that a Cartel had been pro-

posed to the Danish Government which they refused to accede to. Lord Erskine brought forward his Resolutions, against the Orders in Council, in which he insisted that the Orders were against *Magna Charta*, and moved the previous question, which was carried by a majority of 63.

On Thursday, March 10, Lord Arden opposed the Reversionary Place Bill, on the ground of its mode of coming from the other House, having interfered with the privileges of their Lordships. On a division, the House was in equal numbers of 84 each, which negatived the motion, and Lord Hawkesbury proposed to limit the duration, to the 1st of June, 1810.

On Friday, March 11, Lord Moira's Debtor and Creditor Bill, after some observations against it from Lord Ellenborough, was lost, by a division of nine to five.

On Monday, March 14, Lord Hawkesbury moved an Address to his Majesty, on the Treaty with Sweden, which was carried with the dissent only, we believe, of Lord King.

Tuesday, March 15, the Reversionary Grant Bill, came again on the tapis; after some opposition from Lord Redesdale on the ground of its tending to infringe on the just prerogative of the Crown, it was lost by a majority of 128 to 48.

On the 16th, a motion against the Orders in Council Bill, was made by Lord Grenville, stating them to be an infringement of the standing order of 1702, this was negatived by a majority of 70.

On Thursday the 17th, several Petitions were brought up against the Orders in Council, were rejected on points of form; and some regulations were entered into, with respect to hearing Counsel, on one which was ordered to lie on the table.

On the Mutiny Bill, on Friday the 18th, the Duke of Gloucester moved as an Amendment to leave out the words "giving the recruit the power of enlisting for unlimited service;" this was negatived without a division.

Monday, March 21st, the Royal Assent was given to Lord Lake's Bill, the Sugar Bounty and Drawback, and several other Bills; after which the Lord Chancellor brought in a Bill to regulate the Administration of Justice in Scotland. A Petition from Manchester, was presented against the Orders in Council, but not received; and the second reading of the Orders in Council Bill, was carried by a majority of 166 to 59.

On Tuesday, the House in a Committee of Privileges, heard Counsel, in support of the *Innes* claim to the Roxburgh Peerage; and another debate on the principles of the Orders in Council took place, wherein Lord Lauderdale's Resolutions were negatived.

On Wednesday the 23d, after a long discussion, it was agreed upon Lord Auckland's motion, that Counsel should be heard in support of the Petitions received; and the House went into a Committee on the Bill.

Thursday, Lord Suffolk moved for Mr. Garlicke's Correspondence from Copenhagen, which after a reply from Lord Hawkesbury, and some observations from Lords Grenville and Holland, was negatived without a division.

On Friday, the 25th, after some business of a routine nature, a motion was made for the third reading of the Orders in Council Bill, which passed without a division.—Adjourned.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

On Wednesday, March the 2d, Lord Castlereagh, withdrew his motion respecting a monument to Lord Lake; and the Mutiny Bill was read the first time, under a notice of Mr. Windham's, that he would oppose it in its progress in as far as it did away limited service, and rendered the militia the only means of recruiting the line.

On Thursday, the 3d, Mr. Perceval gave up the clause, laying an export duty on salt; and Mr. Calcraft brought forward his motion for papers respecting the escape of the Rochfort squadron, which was agreed to.

Friday, March the 3d, Mr. Huskisson brought up a Bill, empowering the Commissioners for British Claiments with respect to America, to invest a balance of 600,000*l.* in Exchequer Bills.—Mr. Tierney brought up a Petition from the Merchants of Liverpool against the Orders in Council, which was rejected, as being the same with one rejected the evening before.—Mr. W. Adam made his promised motion of censure on Mr. Canning for reading garbled extracts from foreign dispatches, without leave of his Majesty, &c.—After a long defence from Mr. Canning, in which he justified himself by the practice of the House, and the examples of Mr. Pitt and Lord Howick, the Right Hon. Secretary withdrew; and after some debate, the motion was lost by a majority of 168 to 67.

Monday, March 7,—Mr. Parnell presented a Petition from the Freeholders in Queen's County, in Ireland, against Tithes, which was ordered to lie on the table.

On the motion of Sir Francis Burdett, an account was ordered to be laid before the

House of the sums issued out of the droits of the crown from 1792 up to the present period, and also an account of the balances remaining in the registry of the Court of Admiralty.

On Tuesday, March 8, Sir Charles Pole brought up a Bill for the better regulation of the Navy Asylum, which was negatived; and on the cause of the Mutiny Bill, allowing men to enlist for unlimited service, Mr. Windham was in a minority.

Wednesday, the 9th, the House, in a Committee of Supply, voted the following sums:—

73,100*l.* to pay off 5 per cent. annuities.

144,600*l.* for relief of French and other emigrants.

7,548*l.* for the Alien Office.

4,996*l.* for deficiencies in printing and stationary for the House.

12,000*l.* for the expence of the Bow-street Office.

On the motion of Mr. Perceval it was agreed to fund four millions of Exchequer Bills; and after a long debate on the Oude Papers, their further consideration was postponed to Tuesday.

On the 10th Mr. Canning presented the Swedish Treaty; and a Petition was presented from the American Merchants against the Orders in Council.

On Friday, 11th March, Lord Folkstone informed the House, that Sir Francis Burdett meant to move a cause on the third reading of the Mutiny Bill, to prevent the dismissal of Officers in the Army without a court martial.

Mr. Perceval moved the order for the third reading of the Orders in Council Bill. Mr. Rose supported the Bill as a measure of the utmost importance to the mercantile interests of the county, and contended that neutrals had no right to complain of the Orders in Council, as they were unavoidable in consequence of the French Decree, declaring the British Isles in a state of blockade. He concluded with observing, that the present Administration had no hostile idea against America.

Mr. E. Morris said, that the Orders were contrary to the law of the land and the law of nations; and Mr. Grattan declared his astonishment at the manner in which the Bill was forced on the House, particularly with the rejection of the Petition from the Merchants in Liverpool.

The Bill was supported by a very eloquent speech from Mr. Canning as an experiment rendered necessary, by the unprecedented situation of the country, and perfectly justifiable by the laws of nations, as depending on a principle of reciprocity. The third reading was carried by a majority of 100.

Monday, March 14th, Sir Charles Price presented a Petition from the Merchants of London trading to the Continent, in support of Orders in Council; after which a debate took place on the clause for unlimited service in the Mutiny Bill, when Mr. Calcraft's motion against the clause was lost.—Sir Francis Burdett made his promised motion respecting Courts Martial; but it appearing to be the sense of the House, that this should be the subject of a separate Bill, the motion was withdrawn.

Tuesday, March 15, the House proceeded to the order of the day on the Oude Papers, by putting the question upon the first of Lord Folkstone's resolutions.

Sir Thomas Turton condemned the conduct of Marquis Wellesley, and wished it to be referred to the India Company Judicature Committee. Mr. G. Johnstone followed on the same side, and assured the House, that the Company meant to make no more conquests in India. Mr. Lushington and Sir J. Anstruther justified the conduct of the Marquis; and the House divided on Lord Folkstone's resolution. For the motion 81—Against it 182—Majority 151. Sir J. Anstruther then moved a resolution, that Marquis Wellesley, in his conduct in Oude, was actuated by a desire to serve the British Empire. Carried by a large majority.

Wednesday, March 16th, a Bill was brought in for a new Bridge over the Thames at the Savoy; and Mr. Canning moved for a Subsidy of 100,000*l.* per month to the King of Sweden, which, after some observations from Mr. Whitbread, was agreed to.

Thursday the 17th, after a long conversation on the Cold Bath Fields prison, Mr. Sumner took the business out of Mr. Sheridan's hands, by moving for a Committee of the House. Mr. Perceval opposed the motion, as the business was now before the Home Secretary of State. Sir F. Burdett approved of the motion; he asserted that Parliament and the laws of the land had been set at nought by the Governor, who by his tyrannical and shameful conduct, had obtained a sum of 1100*l.* from the prisoners. Mr. Sheridan complained of the business being taken out of his hands, as he had promised to bring it forward next week; he then adverted to the case of Mary Rich who was confined as an *evidence*, in a damp dungeon till she was glad to compromise a prosecution for a shameful assault. Mr.

Mellish contradicted all the charges brought against Aris, and the motion was lost by a majority of 24.

Friday, a short debate took place on the third reading of the Bark Bill, which was carried; and evidence was heard against the Orders in Council.

Monday, March the 21st, Mr. Sharpe made his promised motion for a vote of censure on the Copenhagen business; Mr. Whitbread in a long and impressive speech supported the motion, and severely censured the conduct of ministers. Why, he asked, according to the new morality were they so shabby in their iniquity? Why did they not seize the flotilla of Sweden.

Mr. Canning complained of the acrimony and invective of the last speaker, as tending to the degradation of a ministry, whom he was always calumniating, and at the same time applauding the wisdom and vigilance of Bonaparte. The House divided on the motion, 224 against it, for it 64. Mr. Wortley then moved a vote of approbation, which was carried by 216 to 61.

Tuesday March 22, Sir C. Pole, moved an Address to his Majesty for the appointment of naval officers to all places in the Naval Asylum; this was agreed to with an amendment from Mr. Perceval. Some regulations took place applying the Orders in Council to Ireland, and further evidence was heard in support of the late petitions.

Wednesday, several petitions were presented against the new Bridges; and the House went into a Committee of Supply in which 579,086*l.* were voted for the commissariat department. Col. Long presented a petition from the Cork merchants against the Orders in Council as affecting their trade with America, and further evidence was heard on the petitions.

Thursday March 24th, much routine business was gone through respecting Ireland; and Mr. Perceval after expressing a hope that the petitioners against the Orders in Council, would finish their examinations this evening, informed the House that it was not his intention to bring any evidence in support of the regulations.

On Friday the 25th, on the Sugar Committee, Lord Benning, the Chairman, complained of some unfounded reports in the newspapers on their proceedings, respecting distillation, and cautioned the public against such misrepresentations. The Attorney-General obtained leave to bring in a Bill to amend the modes of proceeding in some cases in the Court of King's Bench; and Mr. Alderman Shaw obtained leave for a Bill to improve Smithfield Market. Adjourned.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

W. LEWIS, Esq. of Mount Athos, in America, about eighteen months ago extracted a quantity of gold from a lump of ore found on the lands of a Mr. Terry, in Buckingham County (Va.)

A letter in one of the journals, from the mineralogist above-mentioned, says:—"I had lately put into my hands another lump of ore, found at Terry's Gold Mine in Buckingham, it weighs more than three pounds averdupois, and is rich in gold. In some parts of the stone it appears in veins, in large lumps in others, but most generally like small pieces of sand. This stone, however, is not so rich in precious metal as the first found by Terry himself; that weighed, in its natural state, seven ounces six pennyweights, and produced near six ounces of pure gold. I have been lately to see this uncommon spot, and have by me several stones of the silicious kind, which I picked off the surface of the ground, and almost all of them contain gold, some more, some less. There has been no search made yet by digging, but from the quantity found so lately after the first discovery, both pure and mixed, it is highly probable that this will be one of the richest gold mines in the world."

A curious instrument has been invented by Dr. Bozzoni, of Frankfort, the object of which is to afford an inspection of the interior of wounds, and parts of the human body, such as the œsophagus, the uterus, &c.

The Criminal Court of Aix la Chapelle on the 20th of Feb condemned to twenty years of imprisonment in irons, an unfortunate wretch named Otten, an inhabitant of the village of Mook, on the frontiers of Holland, who supported himself in idleness by a sort of avocation which others pursued before him with success. He used to write to the inhabitants of the village and of other neighbouring villages incendiary letters, by which he enjoined them to place in some certain place in the forest, a sum of money, in failure of which

request their houses were menaced with being set on fire, and he also threatened similar destruction if they should communicate his requisition to them. He drove this trade for upwards of twenty years. The villages were thinly scattered over the country, and several houses stood in solitude apart from any immediate neighbourhood, and the practicability of this threat was so obvious, that those to whom the letters were addressed preferred depositing the sum Otten required, to running the risk of being consumed in a conflagration. Otten was suspected, but no one ventured to accuse him—he was however discovered, and seized by a person of the name of Zeygraff, who had received one of those threatening letters. Resolved to sacrifice some money to the detection of this knavery, he took some crowns which he had marked in a particular manner, and having called together some intelligent friends he desired them to notice attentively the private marks, and having so done he placed the money at the spot appointed. His friends and himself were on the watch to discover if those pieces were returned into circulation. The very day after, a daughter of Otten's brought one of the crowns for change; Otten himself brought another; and those two crowns which had been marked as has been mentioned, were the first which were placed in the possession of the Magistrate preparatory to the prosecution. Several of the incendiary letters were found upon searching Otten's place, and the result of his prosecution was what has been stated.

LONDON AND FASHIONABLE VARIETIES.

TRIAL OF LIEUT.-GEN. WHITELOCKE.

On Thursday January 28th, a Court-Martial was assembled at Chelsea, for the Trial of Lieut.-Gen. Whitelocke, on the four following charges, viz.

First.—Acting unbecoming his duty as an Officer, in making unusual demands at Buenos Ayres, for the surrender of persons holding civil offices, and thereby exasperating the natives against us.

Second.—For not making the proper military arrangements to faciliate the attack on the town, as well as during the march.

Third.—For not making any effectual attempt *personally* to co-operate with the divisions of his army, then attacking the town.

Fourth.—For having shamefully entered into a treaty with the enemy yielding up his advantages at the moment when the British troops had possession of the principal defences of the enemy, and for the unnecessary surrender of Monte Video.

The Judge Advocate expatiated largely on the different charges and their consequences; and in the close of his speech averred, that if there was no evidence whatever to call, he was confident of proving *every* charge from the prisoners own dispatches. At the same time he observed that the courage of our army could not be impeached nor had any diminished exertion of theirs contributed to the calamity now to be enquired into that no troops had ever displayed greater courage, nor had any officers shewn more undaunted zeal, prudence, or devotion to their country's cause than the generality of the officer who commanded in the Expedition.—The general orders, and instructions with the public and private dispatches were then read, after which it was agreed to divide the whole charges into two distinct periods, the first comprehending all the events up to the night previous to the attack, the latter including the day of attack, and the subsequent events.

EVIDENCE.

In support of the first part or period, were called Major Gen. Gower—Lieut. Colonel Bourke—Brigadier Gen. Craufurd—Brigadier Gen. Lumley—Sir Samuel Achmuty—and several other officers. From their evidence it appeared, that part of the army under Gen. Gower passed the Rico Chuelo, at Passo Chico that Gen. Whitelocke passed the river much higher up, and that the two divisions of the army were separated, but that the town might have been taken on the night of the 2d, had Gen. Whitelocke been at hand with the main body, as the Spanish troops had been charged, and driven in a very gallant manner into Buenos Ayres by Gen. Craufurd. From the want of proper regulations, the men suffered much in their march; by this the General was hurried on to make an attack, in which it was at one time his intention to take *no Prisoners*.

To prove the charges of the last period, were called Gen. Gower—Sir Samuel Achmuty—Gen. Lumley—Gen. Craufurd—Col. Pack—Col. Bourke, &c.—from their evidence it appeared that the troops were ordered to the attack without any specification of the modes of

communication for the different columns, or any place pointed out for retreat in case of necessity, that the different columns having executed their orders in a gallant manner, in entering the town were obliged to wait for further orders, which led to the surrender of those on the right, that Sir Samuel Achmuty on the left got complete possession of the Plaza del Toros, which commanded the town, but in the events of the day, the troops had lost all confidence in Gen. Whitelocke. It also appeared that Gen. Whitelocke remained at a distance from the scene of action the whole day, during which for the space of an hour, he could not be found, that the force with him was 1100 men. Col. Mahon was at a short distance with a reserve of 1500, and that after the attack, he still had 5000 men ready for service, the command of the town and arsenal, many guns and much ammunition taken, and an open communication with the squadron.

On the 30th day, Gen. Whitelocke made his defence, in which he complained of unfair conduct in the prosecution, and of calumnies published against him. He lamented the hostile disposition of the Spaniards, as being contrary to the ideas formed by those who gave him his instructions, and attributed the difficulties on the march to the badness of the roads. He accused Gen. Gower of having deviated from the proposed line of march, by which the army was separated, and yet he confessed that he took the plan of attack from Gen. Gower, and left him to arrange the orders for the officers commanding columns. With respect to his neglect of *reconnoissance* previous to the attack, he thought it of no use; as to his own personal exertions, he said that he staid in the place pointed out to him, and further that if he had advanced, it would have been to the left, where he was not wanted, and therefore there could be no harm in his not moving, as he put every confidence in the troops. He asserted that he chose the attack to enable our men to come in contact with the Spanish soldiery, and at the same time accused the officers of having disobeyed their orders in turning to the left instead of the right, by which they fell in with the Spanish defences, instead of marching *through* the town to gain the waterside; a place, however, which it appeared might have been gained without marching *through* the town, or exposing the soldiery. He concluded by saying that he made the capitulation, to save the lives of the prisoners.

Some evidence was then called, principally as to character, and the defence closed.

The Judge Advocate in summing up, contended that he had taken no unfair measures in the prosecution, in proof of which he averred that when the charges were first given to him they contained one of cowardice, but feeling that such a charge, even if not proved, would for ever stigmatize the prisoner, he had prevailed on his Majesty's Council to withdraw it. He concluded with saying that the General as a British Officer, ought not to have concluded a shameful treaty to save the prisoners, but ought to have used the means in his power for their rescue, accompanied by threats of a decisive retaliation for every injury.

On the 31st the trial closed, and the sentence being laid before his Majesty was issued in General Orders from the Horse Guards, on the 24th of March, in the following terms:—

SENTENCE.

The Court-Martial having duly considered the evidence given in support of the charges against the prisoner, Lieut.-Gen. Whitelocke, his defence, and the evidence he has adduced, are of opinion that he is guilty of the whole of the said charges, with the exception of that part of the second charge, which relates to the order that "the columns should be unloaded, and that no firing should be permitted on any account."

The Court are anxious that it may be distinctly understood that they attach no censure whatever to the precautions taken to prevent unnecessary firing during the advance of the troops to the proposed points of attack, and do therefore acquit Lieut.-Gen. Whitelocke of that part of the said charge. The Court adjudge, *That the said Lieut.-Gen. Whitelocke be cashiered, and declared totally unfit and unworthy to serve his Majesty in any military capacity whatever.*

The orders further noted that this sentence should be entered in all Orderly Books, and read at the head of every regiment in the service; they then go on to state, his Majesty's interest in the welfare and honour of his troops, and his full conviction (from the intrepredity and good conduct displayed at Buenos Ayres) that they must have been ultimately victorious, if directed by the same skill and energy, which had marked the conduct of his commanders in other quarters of the world.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE CONDUCT OF GENERAL WHITELOCKE.

So voluminous is the evidence on this trial, that, after the perusal, the mind has considerable difficulty in distinguishing the leading causes of our miscarriage at Buenos Ayres. The lateness of the season, and the consequent bad weather, engages our attention as one of the principal obstacles to success—the hostility of the natives is another. And, it is not till after considerable reflexion that we arrive at the true conclusion, namely, that although both of these were serious difficulties, our expedition was strong enough to overcome them, and that the grand cause of our failure was bad generalship.

Successful objects have been a prominent feature in the character of the greatest commanders, as Hannibal, Condé, Marlborough, Suwarrow, and Bonaparte. But in attempting bold enterprizes, those men never forgot to adopt any precaution which could ensure their success. Bonaparte determined to fight the Russians at Austerlitz, but he passed the whole of the foregoing night in anxious preparation. Hannibal ventured to encounter an army twice as numerous as his own at Cannæ, but he had contrived a plan of battle in which the numbers of his enemy were to be of no avail. Nelson attacked the French on the memorable 1st of August, as soon as he could approach them, but he had occupied a great part of his previous cruize in describing to his captains the various ways in which he would fight them, according to the particular situation in which they might be found. Marlborough marched into the heart of Germany to fight a pitched battle at Blenheim) against superior numbers, but he revolved in his mind, during a long march, the measures which were likely to ensure success. Now, the difference between these commanders and General Whitelocke consists in this—that he attempted a difficult enterprise without taking almost any precaution whatever. It was natural to conclude that the troops would find no provisions dressed on their march, yet no camp kettles were taken with them. It was to be feared that the march would be tedious and fatiguing, and that the ground would be wet, yet we find the troops directed to throw away their blankets in the middle of their march. The total abandonment of the country habitations afforded a clear proof of the hostile mind of the inhabitants, yet an assault is determined on, which was the very mode in which that hostility was likely to be most pernicious to us. The General appears to have taken no advice: He summoned his officers together, not to counsel him, but to receive orders. The only instance, indeed, in which he appears to have followed advice was in the unlucky adoption of Gen. Gower's plan of attack. In this point these two officers seem to be at issue. Gen. Whitelocke writes to Mr. Windham, that his own plan was to encamp to the westward of the town of Buenos Ayres, and to bombard it with the aid of the shipping, but that he was induced to adopt the plan of assault suggested by Gen. Gower. Now, the latter officer, on the other hand, states, that Gen. Whitelocke's plan was nearly similar to his own, the idea of assault having occurred to them both. Whoever may be right as to this matter, it would appear that Whitelocke had been of a different opinion, for we find him, when at Monte Video, averse to the plan of assault, and pointing out to Gen. Craufurd the formidable parapets on the tops of the Spanish houses, and the facility with which the armed inhabitants could defend themselves.

All the witnesses agree,-that the 8000 men with which Whitelocke set out from Monte Video were fully adequate to the conquest of Buenos Ayres, and nobody blames the troops. The attempt failed therefore through mismanagement in the General. The badness of the season, and the inveteracy of the natives, were serious obstacles, but both were to be overcome with the means which he possessed. Instead of this, the troops are placed in a first most aukward state on account of the badness of the weather, and, to get them out of this scrape, they are next exposed to all the hostility of the natives. It is singular that none of the Generals should have expressed their disapprobation of the plan of attack at the time it was exhibited to them. They plead that their opinions was not asked, and that they did not consider themselves justified in volunteering them. Now this may do very well for an ordinary question, but it is scarcely a proper apology in so momentous a point. The lives of their troops, and the success of the expedition were at stake —all etiquette should have given way before these vital considerations.

With a similar want of precaution it was omitted to apprize the Generals commanding

the columns of attack of the spot where the Commander in Chief was to be found during the day. The consequence was, that scarcely any communication took place, and that Gen. Craufurd ascribes his surrender to this unfortunate circumstance. Now, it was no doubt strange on the part of the General in Chief to omit to mention where he was to be found, but it was no less odd that it never occurred to any of the officers to ask him. If the truth were told, it is likely we should find that the plan of assault was generally approved of. It is a mode of warfare particularly adapted to the spirit of our troops, and this situation was so destitute, that they were naturally partial to get out of it by the speediest means in their power. Hence it would seem that they resorted to the alternative of an assault, without a due consideration of its danger.

The conclusion which a reflecting mind will draw from this unfortunate expedition is not only that the Commander in Chief should be punished, but that the whole constitution of our army is in need of reform. Can there be a stronger evidence of an efficient head than the selection of an unfit officer for a momentous enterprise. Would Bonaparte have acted thus? Let us reflect then that we have to contend with a most skilful enemy—that our army is, next to our navy, our pillar of safety, and let us seriously undertake the correction of those abuses which impair its energy.

PROVINCIAL VARIETIES.

METHOD OF IMPROVING THE GROWTH OF TARES.—Sow 10 to 12 per acre broad cast, with one peck of wheat, then plough into furrow ridges. In April and May run a one horse double-hearted plough through the furrows, which will keep them clean, and admit the air to the roots of the tares, and keep them green and growing till Midsummer. The stems of the wheat being strong will keep the tares up, and the stock will eat them with avidity, they being sweet. The stems of Rye and Oats soon get hard, and the cattle refuse to eat them; those of Barley are too weak—Two roods, by the above method, produced more than two horses could eat. After Midsummer the remainder produced half a load of excellent hay. The land is a sandy soil, on a gravel. Six load of farm-yard dung were ploughed in with the tares.

At the Annual Meeting of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society in December last, Mr. Sitwell made the following communication:—"Mr. Sitwell has found, that a disease in calves called *the Navel Ill, or an inflamation of the navel string*, that takes place between the first and ninth day after birth, is very prevalent in various districts, and in every instance fatal. He has been fortunate to find a cure which is as follows.—Immediately on the calf being taken ill, he gives, in one table spoonful of bark, 150 drops of laudanum, and one wine-glass of port wine. Every four hours he foments the inflamed part with marsh mallows or camomile flowers. The following morning he gives, in new milk, two tea-spoonfuls of rhubarb. He repeats the bark, laudanum, and wine at night, and the rheubark the following morning; which has hitherto effected a cure. Mr. Sitwell suggested, that trying a ligature round the navel string immediately after birth, and cutting off the remaining part, may be in some degree a means of preventing it, but not to be depended on."

Mr. Winter of Whitby, has endeavoured to ascertain the specific gravity of light, assuming, that as the resistance of fluids is as their densities reciprocally, so the undulations of different medicines will bear the same proportion to one another as their specific gravity. The velocity of light, according to Dr. Bradley, is 194,434 miles in a minute of time. The velocity of undulating air is, to the velocity of undulating water according to Hales, as 865 to 1. The motion of sound, as ascertained by Young, is 1139 feet in a second; so, according to Mr. Winter's hypothesis, as the velocity of sound is to the velocity of light, so are their specific gravities. Hence light is 394,588 times lighter than atmostpheric air; or it will take 1253 cubic feet of light to weigh one grain.

The fire-damps issuing from coal-mines have by recent experiments, been found to consist in 100 parts of 63 inflamable gas, 6½ oxigen, 25½ azote, 5 carbonic acid, being nearly the same as the gass obtained from stagnant water, or that from the destructive distillation of pit-coal and

not, as has been supposed, any admixture of sulphurated hydrogen; whence it is evident, that the fire-damp is not the immediate product of the decomposed water by the beds of pyrites nor of water by coal, but probably results from coal distilled by heat of pyrites, excited by the occasional influx of water.

A dreadful instance of ferocity occured lately at Stapleton prison. Two Frenchmen having quarrelled late in the evening, were locked up previous to the settlement of the dispute; but in the night, one of them, with his friend, insisted upon his antagonist's getting out of bed and fighting him immediately; the latter agreed. It was determined that they should fight with he two legs of a pair of compasses, and the points sharpened for the purpose. They rushed upon each other mutually stabbing until the aggressor fell lifeless, pierced through the heart and lungs. His friend immediately seized the weapon from the corpse, and insisted that the fight should be renewed with him, which was agreed to: after a horrible reconnoitre, he shared the same fate as the first. The survivor (who is much wounded, but not very dangerously) was secured as soon as the circumstance was known to the guard, and a Coroner's Inques sat on the bodies. As it appeared that the deceased persons were the aggressors, the Jury brought in a verdict of—Manslaughter against the survivor.

BIRTHS.

At Exeter, the Lady of Lieut.-Col. Watson, of the Third Dragoon Guards, of a son.

At Ensham House, Dorset, the Lady of Brig.-Gen. Monro, of a son.

At Edinburgh, Lady Jemima Johnston Hope, of a son.

At Plymouth Dock, the Lady of Commodore Sir Richard King, Bart. of a daughter.

At Blithfield, Staffordshire, the Right Hon. Lady Bagot, of a daughter.

The Lady of Charles Littledale, Esq. of Devonshire-street, Portland-place, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At Westbury Church, Mr. Thos. Field, aged 22, to Miss Patience Winterbottom, aged 67.

The Rev. Robert Henry Johnson, Rector of Wistanstow, and Vicar of Staunton Lacey, in Salop, to Carolina, second daughter of Sir Charles Wm. Rouse Boughton, of Rouse Lench, in the county of Worcester, Bart.

At Lewisham, Captain G. C. Coffin, of the Royal Artillery, nephew to Sir I. Coffin, Bart. to Miss Larkins, daughter of the late William Larkins, Esq. of Blackheath.

DEATHS.

On Sunday, 3d March, at Dorchester House, in Park-lane, in the 62d year of his age, the Right Hon. George, Earl of Dorchester, Viscount and Baron Milton, of Milton Abbey, in the county of Dorset, Baron Milton, of Shrone Hill, in Ireland, and Lord Lieutenant of the county of Dorset. His Lordship having died without issue, the title is become extinct, and he is succeeded in his estates by his sister, the Right Hon. Lady Caroline Damer.

Suddenly, at Lymington, Sir Giles Rooke, Knight, one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas.

At Bath, William Siddons, Esq. the very worthy and affectionate husband of the justly celebrated Mrs. Siddons. Though long an invalid, his dissolution may be said to have been sudden, as he had passed the preceding evening with a circle of friends in his usual social and pleasant manner.

At White Roding, in Essex, the Rev. Sir William Cheere, Bart. at the advanced age of 78 years; the bulk of his fortune devolves to his two amiable nieces the daughters of his late and only brother. The title becomes extinct.

At Ham Common, aged 82, the Hon. Mrs. Esther Chetwynd, sister of the late, and aunt to the present Lord Chetwynd.

In Clerkenwell workhouse, William Paddock, Pastrycook, in the 77th year of his age: he was well known for many years being remarkable for singing convivial songs at public-houses adjacent to the two Houses of Parliament, and being a choice spirit, always went by the name of *My Soul!*—He was a companion of the late Charles Bannister, and also much noticed by the celebrated, though eccentric character, George Morland. He was much addicted to drinking spirits, and the day previous to his death drank, in the course of one hour, what he facetiously called *fire-balls*, no less than seventeen glasses of gin.

Lately, near Cullybackey, in Ireland, Martha Hanna, aged 126 years: she was born near Dunganuon, and remembered to have heard the shots fired in an engagement that took place there in the year 1690: she was a little woman, measured this last year four feet seven inches.

FULL & HALF FULL DRESSES for APRIL.

Engraved & Colour'd exclusively for Le Beau Monde or Literary & Fashionable Mag.

LE BEAU MONDE.

FASHIONS

FOR APRIL, 1808.

LADIES' DRESSES.

Fig. No. 3.—A plain white dress of real French cambric, made with a long train, and enriched round the bottom with a superb border of sun-flowers in needle work, and between every flower is inlet a rich footing of point lace—these flowers may be worked in colours or in white, and give a beautiful effect either way; the body of the dress is also made a degree longer than is usually worn; the back and bosom high, to wrap simply over, and fastened with a small diamond clasp, and trimmed all round to correspond with the bottom of the dress; the sleeves are made in the bishop style, of a much lighter texture than the dress, and are made separate from the dress. A robe pelisse of a delicate pink, pea-green, lilac, or sky-blue, lined throughout with white sarsnet, and trimmed all round with a wreath of green ivy leaves. The hair is formed into tasteful curls in the front of the head, with a narrow band of pink sarsnet, bound round the forehead, and shews transparently through the hair. A rich white lace handkerchief thrown carelessly over the head, and tied under the chin; gloves white kid, and shoes pea-green.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESSES.

Morning Dress.—In this we are scarcely at present able to point out any variety, as the coldness of the weather still renders a good great coat indispensable, and thus far precludes the opportunity of exhibiting the motley changes of fashion and taste, to any advantage. We are, however, justified in saying that light colours will certainly take the lead in the *ton* for coats. Waistcoats of striped Marsailles quilting will of course resume their stations as soon as the mildness of the weather will permit; and drab kerseymere or leather breeches, with brown top boots, will be as much the rage as ever.

Evening Dress.—The most prevailing at present is a dark blue coat with large sized flat gilt buttons, with velvet collar, or collar of the same cloth, according to fancy; with this we see single breasted white Marsailles quilting waistcoats, black silk breeches and stockings; some few sport drab coloured kerseymere breeches and white stockings.

DRESSES OF THE ARMY.

The following changes are spoken of in the dress of military officers, whereby each rank will be distinguished, as in the Continental armies, and in our navy; so that on actual service each rank may be known, though the officers are unacquainted with each other:—

Ensign—An epaulette of gold or silver fringe on the right shoulder, and white plume with red bottom.

Lieutenant—Epaulette of fringe and bullion right shoulder; plume as above.

Captains—Epaulette, with bullion and fringe, right shoulder; and one of fringe on left shoulder; plume as above.

Majors—Epaulette on each shoulder of bullion and fringe; plume white, with red top.

Lieutenant-Colonels—Epaulettes as above; white plume, with black top.

Colonels—Epaulettes as above; black plume, with white top.

Generals—Epaulettes as at present, and white plumes. Their different ranks are already distinguished by buttons.

N. B. Ensigns and Second Lieutenants of Highland and Fuzileer regiments to wear two epaulettes as formerly, but of gold or silver fringe only.

Lieutenants of Fuzileers—An epaulette, with fringe and bullion, *left* shoulder; and one of fringe on right shoulder, being the reverse of Captains.

SPORTING VARIETIES.

The Earl of Darlington's foxhounds had one of the most brilliant runs of the season, from that celebrated covert, Sessay Wood, Yorkshire. They presently unkennelled a fox, which seemed determined to shew, that the justly-famed breed of Hambleton Foxes is not extinct; for first skirting along the banks of the Swale, about two miles, he then had the courage to face the wind towards the hills, passing by Sowerby, Bagby, through Thirkleby Park, Thirkleby Spring, Osgodby, and Hoodhill, where, notwithstanding many earths were open, he scorned so mean a retreat, and turned to the right, across Kilburn Common to Byland Abbey, Newborough Park, and Yearsly; then pointed towards Black Wood, but the scent growing very cold, he was lost about three miles from Easingwold, after a run of two hours and ten minutes, with only one short check. The country passed over was supposed to be at least twenty-five miles. Amongst the best sportsmen and riders were the Earl of Darlington, on his capital mare Flora; Sir F. Boynton, on Mr. Bennet; Mr. Treacher on Copenhagen; Mr. Frankland, on Coxcomb; Mr. Bell, on All-fours; Mr. Livesay, on Rector; Mr. Stourton, on Poppleton; Mr. Silvertop, on Traveller, &c. &c.

The foxhounds of Mr. Watt and Sir M. M. Sykes, Bart. have had good sport of late at Rise and Burton Constable Woods, in Holderness. We have heard that a very dashing fox-hunter, a Gentleman of large fortune, has bought Dawthorpe Hall, nearly adjoining them, for 20,000*l*. This, however, is merely a report.

The last season, which, for the sports of the field, has been through the whole winter the most unfavourable ever known, has now nearly concluded two of its subjects, coursing and hare-hunting, as the hares are now breeding in every country. In truth, no fair sportsman would now think of pursuing an animal in a state of gestation, which it is inhuman to distress, particularly as it is not worth having when killed, and when two or three are killed in one. In addition to this, the farmer, though himself a sportsman, begins to be materially interested in his grounds not being hunted. The young seeds are beginning to shoot; and the ewes, with their infant lambs, are now in the fields, as well as the ewes who have not lambed down—all equally liable to be injured by a field of sportsmen—"who give care to the winds," and care little what they ride over.—The fox-hunter, however, is in a different predicament; and many packs, we trust, will continue their sport till the middle of the end of April.

One of the best contested matches for four miles has been run on Hounslow Common, between Mr. Harper's bay mare Diamond, and Captain Hedge's brown charger, for 50 guineas, that ever was witnessed. The mare made play at starting on full speed, and was followed closely by the charger for the first mile, when each jockey began to push, and the animals were neck and neck the whole distance, without either gaining in pace. The mare won the race by jockeyship but so nicely, that opinions were divided, until the umpire decided. The distance was performed in nine minutes and a half.

PEDESTRIANISM.—As pedestrian feats seem to be so much in fashion, a Correspondent thinks the following account of an extraordinary exertion may be worth perusal: In the year 1789, Thomas Savager, *alias* Guinea Tom, a native of Kingsland, in that country, who was about 50 years old, five feet four inches high, and lame, from one leg being considerably shorter than the other, undertook for a wager of twenty guineas to walk 404 miles (the same number that the famous Powell accomplished) in six days. The line agreed upon for the display of his agility, was on the turnpike-road from Hereford, through Leominster, to Ludlow, and back again. Owing to the uneveness and badness of the road in general, and especially to the lofty hill of Dinmore, which he was obliged to pass at least three times a day, the odds at starting were a guinea to a shilling against him, and were still further increased on the third day by a fall of snow, which made the road exceedingly slippery and dirty. He continued his career, however, with infinite spirit, and won his wager within five hours of the time allowed. It appeared afterwards, by adding together the superfluous ground he had walked to his lodgings at Hereford, Ludlow, and elsewhere, contiguous to the road, that instead of 404, he had actually travelled no less than 429 miles.

DRAMATIC MEMOIRS AND CRITICISMS,

BEAUTIFULLY EMBELLISHED WITH

STRIKING CHARACTERISTIC PORTRAITS

OF

EMINENT PERFORMERS.

DRAMATIC MEMOIRS AND CRITICISMS

OF EMINENT PERFORMERS.

THE LIFE OF MR. LISTON, OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

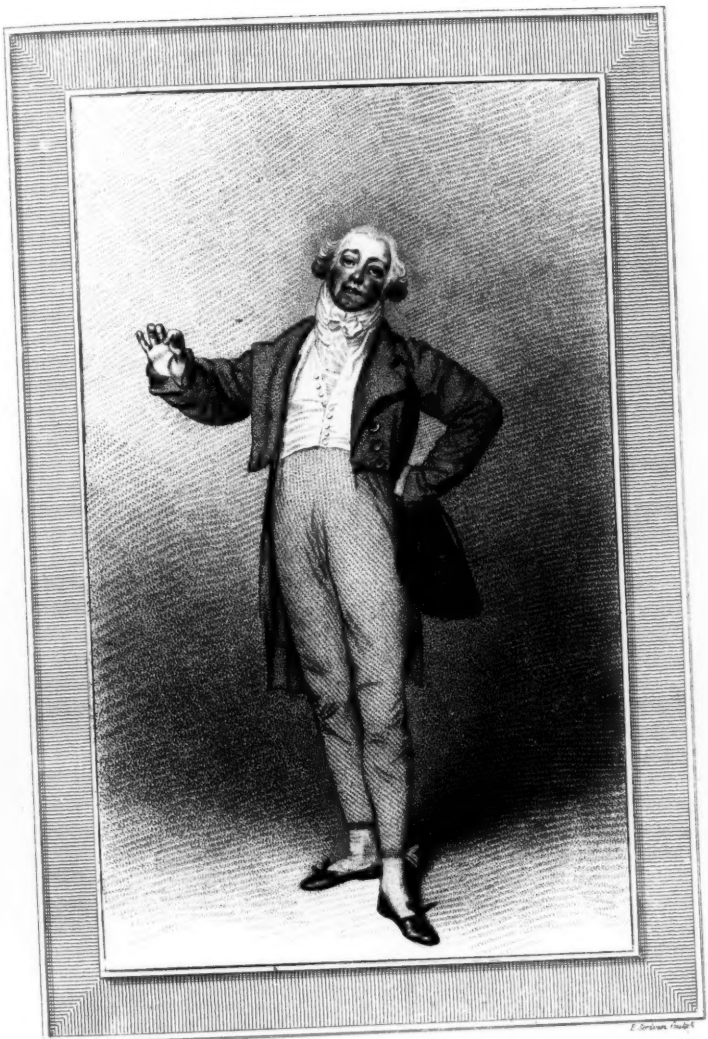
If the stage be in reality the touchstone of public taste, manners, and even morals: if, as we are taught to believe, it be the criterion by which foreigners estimate our national character: those who value their country's reputation at home or abroad will not consider us as pursuing an ignoble task, when we examine with caution the touchstone itself, and endeavour to judge the criterion by which the country is to be judged. Nor is it less important to investigate the merits of those who "hold "the mirror up to nature:" to consider how far their general knowledge and their powers of effect may have qualified them for the public profession they have chosen, and to point out these less conspicuous circumstances of life and character, which may serve as a lesson on nature in general, and more particularly on the nature of the drama, and the causes that affect it. It is therefore our intention in the work we are now commencing, to treat of the drama, and of its most celebrated professors, in a general manner; but most particularly to present faithful accounts of the private as well as public lives of the principal actors, to analyse the genius of each, and to observe upon the actual performances which that genius may animate.

It has long been a matter of regret with the lovers of art, that while the poet, the painter, the sculptor, and the musician, may leave behind them the monuments at once of their genius and of their fame, the actor alone is doomed to flourish but in his life-time; or, at best, like the bards of uncivilized nations, is remembered but in traditionary tales. The stream of time, which creates fresh verdure for the garlands of others, flows on but to sweep away the laurels he has gained. But if the actor cannot perpetuate his works, his name and character at least can be perpetuated, and the recorded testimony of admiring contemporaries may give a species of posthumous fame, which, however inferior to the glory of direct admiration from posterity, will at least be more gratifying than the prospect of a reputation no longer durable than human existence. In the series of essays which will follow these pages, it will be our aim to embody in a less perishable shape the merits of those who shine in every walk of the drama; and he who shall preserve these periodical records, when the powers he once admired shall have ceased to exist, and the impressions traced upon his memory shall be fading beneath the friction of time, may, perhaps, find it some satisfaction to contemplate a register which, if it cannot hand down the evanescent pictures that genius created, may at least explain the principles by which their effect was produced, and describe what must never be transmitted!

We are not so vain as to hope that these pages will give to genius a posthumous fame; we are only desirous they may serve to the curious as a specification of the patent on which its fame was already built. The works of great authors must bestow the reputation of actors with posterity; and when posterity have found that an actor was illustrious, these humbler pages may be consulted as an explanation of the technical principles which composed his merit.

In order to perform with fidelity the task that we have undertaken, it will not be necessary to adopt that cruel and unsparing style of criticism which is so much the fashion of the present day; and in our essays on the genius of the respective performers, we shall be more anxious to describe than to attack, more willing to afford hints for general adoption, than to injure individual feeling. Not that we intend to make our work a mere varnish for giving gloss to every thing alike; we shall not pass important faults in utter silence, nor allow the young disease to riot undisturbed in the system; but we wish, rather to point out the remedies which each individual may apply to the unsound places in his own constitution, than like some surgical practitioners of this metropolis, to stick in our windows the teeth that we have drawn, as trophies of our sanative skill.

The great principle which it is our object to establish, and to support through the whole course of this undertaking, is, that the drama



Da Wilde pinx.

E Scriven Sculpt.

MR LISTON as CAPER.

I have been flattered a little by the Ladies about my Dancing

Mrs Wells in the Widows Choice

Lond. Published by R. for J. & J. Boydell & De Camp, 11 Catherine Street Strand April 1800

is a regular science, no less for those who personate the characters, described by the poet, than for the poet himself. Arts of poetry have been written in many ages, and in many countries, and people in general believe that poetry *is* an art; but acting has not been so regularly reduced to written principles, and the ignorant part of the public, with the ignorant critics, who chiefly direct their taste, are not aware that there is any principle in it. The human mind, instead of reasoning downward from causes to their effects, is obliged to reason upward from effects to their causes: and in order to ascertain the causes of any effect, it is desirable to have an opportunity of carefully inspecting and decomposing the effect itself. But when any particular effect is to remain but a moment before the view, it requires a more than ordinary quickness of natural perception, and a considerable practice in the observation of similar effects, to detect the causes or principles that have co-operated towards its production; and since acting is of all the fine arts the most short-lived in its effects—since the brilliant conception and execution of a poetical passage, or of a stroke of characteristic feeling, flash across the mind with the evanescence, as well as the brightness of lightning, while the kindred works of the painter, and the poet, remain before our eyes, and await our investigation—it naturally follows, that acting of all the fine arts must be the least understood in its principles. The difficulty of discerning these principles, has induced many people to believe that no such principles exist; and thus it has happened, that while in the examination of every other art, men have thought it necessary to inform themselves in some measure on the theory of that art, every school-boy, who can quote Horace, becomes a theatrical critic: every shopkeeper, who has secluded himself from life, goes once or twice a year to the play, and passes an opinion on the delineation of characters: and every fine lady, who has been educated in fashion, sets up for a connoisseur in the expressions of nature!

The qualifications necessary for genuine criticism on the drama, are rare indeed. A gentleman may have studied the theory of nature from books, and viewed the actual course of human life in the gayer observatory of the world, and yet be, by no means, from these circumstances alone, a critic whose opinions must be believed. To make such a critic, long habits of attendance at the great theatres, will be also necessary—for as it has been already said in the pages of *Le Beau Monde*, "Dramatic nature is not nature in its ordinary "form. Dramatic nature, while it acknowledges certain definite principles, yet sometimes ventures into an irregularity which a "true critic dares not mend: it must sometimes be swelled beyond the ordinary size of "life, in order to produce great effects, and "sometimes diminished, in order to preserve "keeping in the picture. Let any of our readers then, with a view to find some person "truly qualified for dramatic criticism, peruse "the list of his acquaintances, and ask himself "how many there are among them who have "warmth to feel and coolness to judge, spirit "enough to be merry, and sufficient intercourse with good company to understand "high breeding; who know the principles of "stage effect, and can discern the exact proportion of skill exhibited by the author, and "by the actor; who when they have judged "accurately can write well, and writing well "can avoid cruelty*."

We shall not observe any regular order, alphabetical or arbitrary, in the essays which we now commence. For we must be content to procure our portraits according to the convenience of those Ladies and Gentlemen who will sit to the artist: and as each Number will form a complete work by itself, the course of their succession must be totally immaterial.

Mr. Liston was born of a respectable family, and received his education at Soho. He then became Master in the Library School, in Castle-street, Leicester-square: and having contracted a taste for the stage, amused himself by occasional performances for the benefits of the persons who sometimes act at the Hay-market theatre, by licence from the Lord Chamberlain. But this gentleman, like many others of our best comedians, was originally the votary of the tragic muse: and as Mr. Bannister and Mr. Lewis have played *Douglas*, so Mr. Liston, if we are rightly informed, desired to make his first appearance in the character of *Pierre*.

His ardour for dramatic pursuits continued to increase; and in a short time he totally abandoned the task of juvenile education, for the gayer but more hazardous profession of the stage. After encountering many difficulties, and viewing life in many of its most grotesque shapes, he was at length engaged at the Dublin theatre, where he continued for some time with the reputation of a useful, though not brilliant tragedian.

* *Le Beau Monde; or, Literary and Fashionable Magazine* for March 1808, p. 139.

Tragedy was still his line of acting, when he was engaged by Mr. Stephen Kemble. But he had not been long a performer in the company of that Manager, when he discovered that he had totally mistaken his own powers. He here essayed a comic cast of character; and succeeded so fully in the attempt, that he thenceforth began to devote himself peculiarly to performances of lower comedy. He acted old men and country boys, with great applause, in Newcastle, and other towns which lay within the circuit of Mr. Stephen Kemble's company, and evinced powers of very whimsical and original humour.

Mr. Charles Kemble, happening to travel in the North, was struck with the extraordinary merit of this excellent comedian, and on returning to town, very warmly recommended him to Mr. Coleman. Mr. Coleman accordingly welcomed Mr. Liston at the Hay-market theatre, in the summer-season of 1805; and the new candidate for public applause was introduced in the character of *Sheepface*, in *The Village Lawyer*. His efforts, on this occasion, were crowned with the highest success: and a long list of subsequent performances, ratified and increased his favour with the public. His celebrity reached the ears of Mr. Harris, who is always so eager to increase the comic strength of the Covent-garden company, and Mr. Liston received an engagement in that theatre. His appearing part there was, *Jacob Gawkey*, in Miss Lee's comedy of *The Chapter of Accidents*, which he acted on the 15th of October, 1805: and his success was such as to satisfy the most sanguine expectation.

At Covent-garden theatre he continues to perform, in the winter; and in the summer he still plays at the Hay-market; and though his career in this metropolis has yet been so short, he has already become one of the greatest favourites on the stage.

About Easter, 1807, he married Miss Tyrer, of Covent-garden theatre, whose merits, both in dialogue and in song, have long been well known and highly appreciated. They have no family.

Mr. Liston, in private, bears a respectable and honourable character; and he certainly deserves to be ranked among those very few performers who, by their gentlemanly appearance, their correct behaviour, and their general good breeding, are contributing to rescue the profession of the drama from the obloquy that has been cast upon it by prejudice and pride.

The portrait that accompanies these memoirs represents him as *Caper*, in the farce of *Who Wins?* or *The Widow's Choice*. The fable of this entertainment is as follows:—

An old gentleman has left a fortune to his niece, the *Widow Bellair*, on condition that she shall marry one of her two cousins, who are desired to determine the choice by the dice-box; but that if either rejects her, she shall take the other. The *Widow* attends disguised as a maid-servant, and the executors, in the presence of her cousins, open the will.—The doubtful appointment creates general dissatisfaction; but the gentlemen throw, and to the great mortification of *Mr. Caper*, the lady is won by the other cousin, *Mr. Extempore*, a poet. A picture of the *Widow* has been formerly hung in the room where this whimsical scenes occurs; but the *Widow*, to guard against any detection from the resemblance, has just subsituted the portrait of an ugly old woman; and the executor, at whose house these occurrence happen, is prevented from observing the change, by the fortunate fracture of his spectacles.—When *Extempore* sees the picture, he conceives a disgust for the unknown fair; and falls in love with the *Widow*, believing her to be the maid. He, therefore, for a trifling sum, surrenders his right to the ridiculous, but mercenary *Caper*; and on discovering his mistake, becomes as desperate as poetry can conceive. The *Widow*, by a stratagem, contrives to make *Caper* reject her; and the piece concludes by her marriage with *Extempore*.

The principal humour of "*The Widow's Choice*," is occasioned by the contrast in the characters of *Extempore* and *Caper*. *Extempore* resembles many other farcical heroes, and particularly *Tag*, in the *Spoilt Child*; but *Caper*, we believe is completely new to the stage. He is a merchant with a great ardour for accomplishments, and values himself not half so much upon his mercantile abilities, or even his money, as upon his skill in singing and dancing. It is in the latter of these operatic affectations that Mr. Liston is most remarkably successful; for without actually doing the precise steps, which might be too like reality for the purposes of ridicule, he continues to give a perfect notion of the contortions through which the *Corps de Ballet* so ingeniously wriggle; and by a certain indiscribable looseness and limberness of limb, converts even that which in the original dancers, was graceful and beautiful, into the most comical awkwardness that ever moved the risible muscles of a spectator. The affected grief which *Caper* demonstrates for the death of his relative, the droll indignation which he expresses on learning the condition

of the will, the mercenary coolness with which he buys and sells the *Widow*, and the unbounded conceit with which he views his own attractions, are all represented by Mr. Liston, in the spirit of true humour, and received by the audience with perpetual peals of merriment.

All the principal characters of this piece ought in strictness to have worn mourning; but as this uniformity would have been fatiguing to the eyes, the actors very judiciously ventured on a slight violation of costume, and

"To do a great right, did a little wrong."

This will account for the colours of the attire which Mr. L. is represented by our Frontispiece.

It remains that we subjoin some general remarks on the genius and merits of Mr. Liston's acting. We shall not discuss his tragic powers, because he has never played tragedy in London. His comic characters appear to be chiefly of three kinds: old men, affected coxcombs, and simpletons, or countrymen.

His representations of old men are much beneath many of the attemps that are made in the same walk by inferior actors. The two characteristicts which most strongly mark the appearance of old men in general, are decripitude of voice as well as body, and an air of cautious shrewdness. Nor does this air of shrewdness display itself merely in old men who are really shrewd; for long experience in the ways of the world gives even to weak minds a habitual caution, which wears the same external appearance, and which is not distinguishable from actual shrewdness, until conversation or situation may have thrown the wrinkled muscles of the face off their guard, or seduced the tongue to betray the weakness of the mind. These two characteristic appearances of weakness in voice as well as bodily deportment, and if prudence or the show of prudence, in intellectual expression, is both forgotton or misunderstood by Mr. Liston, in his representations of old age. His steps are too long and quick, his voice too unwaryingly deep, and his face, when in these characters, it assumes an expression at all, assumes the expression of vacancy, rather than of mental depth. In short he makes himself an old man in nothing but the wrinkles that he traces on his countenance.

Of his admirable skill in the performance of affected coxcombs we have a conspicuous example in the success of his *Caper*. An actor who tries to divert by mimicking a volitile, lively kind of grace, will run great hazard of annoying by his pertness; but the singular merit of Mr. Liston's affectation is that he attracts the attention, without forcing himself upon the notice of his audience; he waits with the quiet air of a man who is satisfied with himself, and who feels sure of satisfying every body else; while other stage coxcombs assume the boisterous by way of representing the lively.

Mr. Liston, in acting a fop, delights with the disjointed looseness by which he affects gracefulness of limb, and with the laborious manœuvres by which he aims at ease.

In the personation also of rustics and simpletons he has a peculiar excellence of manner and of meaning, or rather no meaning. Most of our other comedians, through a want of perfect acquaintance with the habits of these humble characters, are apt to introduce in them a number of strange tricks, which, from their incongruity with the general nature of such parts, must strike with a tedious flatness, even upon those among the audience who may not be critically acquainted with the exact customs that prevail with countrymen. The affectations of dialect, the assumptions of grimace, and the thousand other strenuous nothings of many of our actors, are sure to disgust; for the amusement that we feel in a rustic character arises from the total absence of all art—except indeed the *natural art* of the mind, the simple cunning that is to be found in one class of our stage-countrymen, who appear to have been conceived upon the model of Sancho Panza.

Those countrymen who possess this mental art, or cunning, are not exactly the characters that Mr. Liston excells in performing. There Mr. Emery stands unrivalled. But in representing rustics, whose minds are as raw as their habits, mere simpletons, persons whom external objects have entirely engrossed, and who have found bodily employment a universal *succedaneum* for the occupation of thinking, Mr. Liston has a decided and peculiar excellence. Their utter folly, their total inexperience, their ignorant credulity, their ready wonder, are all conveyed by the countenance of Mr. Liston, who perhaps demonstrates that he possesses some powers of expression, by his very capability of banishing expression from his appearance.

To the general effects of Mr. Liston's acting, external nature has contributed as much as study and observation of the particular characters represented. He has a face which, while by some accident it is not displeasing, presents nevertheless a most eccentric example of the boldness with which nature can violate

all her own established rules of beauty and proportion. This face has done a great deal for his fame; and no damsel of romance ever made a greater progress in glory, and in fortune, by her lovely countenance, than Mr. Liston has by his grotesque physiognomy. He has likewise a facility in relaxing his joints, which greatly aids his effects in such parts as that in which our Frontispiece displays him: and any other man who should attempt these characters, even if he had all the humour, and all the particular conception of Mr. Liston, would find that, without this natural looseness in the hips, he would do comparatively but little for the diversion of his audience.

But actors, who have become very great favourites with the public, very soon, like all other men, become intoxicated with success, and venture upon certain irregularities, which, in themselves, are exceedingly blameable. We are to say that Mr. Liston is not entirely exempt from this weakness. Finding that the audiences have perpetually laughed at the gesticular drolleries he had practised, he began, by degrees, to introduce words which were not in his author, and scarcely ever repeated a low comic part in any of the new plays beyond a very few evenings, without violating the rule that Shakspeare has declared in Hamlet, "And let "those that play your clowns, speak no more "than is set down for them."

This practice, it is true, was pursued by Mr. Edwin, and some other principal comedians; but it is likely to be no less injurious to an actor now-a-days, than it is disrespectful to the public at large. For we have but very few authors whose plays contain so little nonsense, as to bear the introduction of further nonsense from actors; and a dramatic writer, when he finds that he must be abused by the town, not only for what he writes, but for what his performers may chuse to say, will be very cautious how he produces a part for an actor, even an actor as excellent as Mr. Liston, which part is to be interpolated with all the local and personal jests of the green-room. The disregard of the public, which is evinced by this practice is too obvious and too displeasing to require a comment; and Mr. Liston should be one of the last men to seek the approbation of a partial laugh for humour of so improper a nature, because he can command the applause of his audience by genuine and honourable abilities.

We remember an instance in which he took a liberty of another kind with the public—a liberty not perhaps strictly justifiable, but infinitely diverting. He was acting *Lord Grizzle* the hero of the burlesque tragedy of *Tom Thumb*; and among the other irresistible drolleries which he displays in the course of this admirably affected piece of acting, is a dance which accompanies his song to *Huncamunca*. He was encored in this song and dance, and performed them a second time: and so entertaining was the repetition, that the audience called loud for a third performance. But Mr. Liston had made his exist; and though the universal uproar of shouts and applause prevented the piece from proceeding, he did not choose to gratify the spectators by returning. The clamour becoming louder and louder, he actually hid himself to avoid the third effort. But the discontent of the people, who now became quite unruly, at length brought him forward, and, coming down to the lamps, he very calmly told the audience, that he had been "really too much fatigued to repeat the dance." The people were some of them displeased, and some of them diverted: but the piece went on very quietly, till, in the fight, some wag from the front of the house called out to the actor, who was fencing with Mr. Liston, "Don't do "too much, you'll fatigue him." This of course occasioned a universal laugh: and the next day a bulletin was stuck up in the green-room, stating, that *Lord Grizzle's* physicians were happy to declare his Lordship greatly recovered from his fatigue. The unlucky joke has still adhered to Mr. Liston; yet he may console himself by the uncertainty, that while he confines his humour within the bounds prescribed by his author, he may fatigue himself, but never will fatigue his audience.